THE STORY OF THE JUBILEE SINGERS

JUBILEE HALL, FISK UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

WITH THEIR SONGS

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

THE STORY

OF THE

JUBILEE SINGERS;

WITH THEIR SONGS.

EDITED BY
J. B. I. MARSH.

SEVENTH EDITION.
COMPLETING FIFTY-FOURTH THOUSAND.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE SEVENTH EDITION.

WHILE the "Story of the Jubilee Singers" has been passing through its six editions, the Singers themselves have continued steadily at their work. The "story" left them in the autumn of 1875 in the successful beginning of their second tour through Great Britain and Ireland; and this seventh edition goes to press just as they have won their first successes "on the Continent." Of this year and a half of effort the most notable fact is the success itself.

The imperative necessities of the University, created in part by the great success of their first three years of work, had compelled the trustees to reorganise the company, and send it the second time across the Atlantic in search of financial aid. But the enterprise was entered upon with hesitation and trembling. The results, however, have justified the most sanguine hopes. In the places which they had formerly visited, the Singers have universally received a hearty welcome and generous help; and the towns which they have visited for the first time have greeted their coming with an enthusiasm equal to that with which they were welcomed on their first concert tour.

As the financial results of this second visit, between eleven and twelve thousand pounds sterling have already

been sent to the treasury of Fisk University. Of this sum over three thousand pounds have been raised by contributions towards the erection of the second University building, to be called the Livingstone Missionary Hall.

Jubilee Hall was dedicated and taken possession of by the University, Jan. 1, 1876, ten years from the time the school was opened. The following telegraphic communications passed between the University and the Jubilee Singers on the day of dedication.

"To FISK UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE: British friends and Jubilee Singers send greeting. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. May Fisk University be inspiration to struggling humanity in America, and light to Africa's millions. May Great Britain and America ever thus unite to extend Christ's kingdom!

"E. M. CRAVATH.

"Leeds, 9 a.m."

RESPONSE FROM NASHVILLE.

"Fisk University responds 'All Hail,' and thanks the Jubilee Singers and their friends at home and in the land of Wilberforce and Sharpe. We own what God hath wrought. May the two flags floating to-day from Jubilee Hall ever symbolise the united purpose of both lands to fit the struggling freedmen of America to carry light to Africa!

"CLIFTON B. FISK."

The completion of Jubilee Hall marked an era in the history of the University; but even on the day of dedication it was evident that it would not, though one of the largest and best school buildings in the whole South, be long equal to the growing wants of the University. In his letter, giving a report of the dedicatory exercises, Gen. Fisk, chairman of the Board of Trustees, wrote to the President of the University, who was with the Jubilee Singers in England: "We must

have a second building at once. Can we get ten thousand pounds by subscription for it in Great Britain?" As the result of careful deliberation, and under the advice of many friends, the decision was reached to begin the raising of ten thousand pounds to erect the second University building.

This movement was publicly inaugurated in London in May following by two invitation concerts—one at Willis's Rooms, and the other at Cannon Street Hotel. The Right Hon. Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., presided at the former, and Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P., at the latter. As the results of these meetings and the endorsement thus given, several hundred pounds were at once subscribed toward the object, Mr. Morley himself, with characteristic generosity, leading the subscription with a contribution of one hundred pounds.

The Jubilee Singers have been unable to devote the earnings of their concerts to this fund, owing to the other pressing necessities of the University; but through contributions the fund has steadily increased, until now it amounts to nearly four thousand pounds. The work has already been begun on the foundations, and the building will be pushed forward to completion just as rapidly as funds can be secured to meet the expenses.

The University has been blessed with a remarkable degree of prosperity. The achievements of the Jubilee Singers, the occupation of Jubilee Hall, the influence exerted by its students, who have gone forth as teachers and have under instruction more than ten thousand children, have given the school popularity and influence which have greatly increased the number of students in the higher departments. Jubilee Hall is full to overflowing, so that students desiring admission have been refused for the want of room. Our hope and prayer is that the funds which are necessary to complete the Livingstone Missionary Hall may be so speedily

secured, that there may be no delay in the erection of the building.

The University symbolises its great purpose in the name selected for its second building. It is consecrated to the Christian education and training of the emancipated slaves of America, in a firm conviction and faith that, in the providence of God, many will return to Africa as missionaries, carrying the gospel of Christ and the blessings of Christian civilisation.

E. M. CRAVATH, M.A.,
President of Fisk University.

ROOMS OF THE FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS AID SOCIETY,
18, *Adam Street, Strand, London,*
April 20, 1877.

President. — EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

Treasurer. — HON. ARTHUR KINNAIRD, M.P

Secretaries.
REV. O. H. WHITE D.D. | REV. J. GWYNNE JONES.

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THE STORY

OF THE

JUBILEE SINGERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

THE story of the Jubilee Singers seems almost as little like a chapter from real life as the legend of the daring Argonauts who sailed with Jason on that famous voyage after the Golden Fleece. It is the story of a little company of emancipated slaves who set out to secure, by their singing, the fabulous sum of $20,000 for the impoverished school in which they were students. The world was as unknown to these untravelled freed people as were the countries through which the Argonauts had to pass; the social prejudices that confronted them were as terrible to meet as fire-breathing bulls or the warriors that sprang from the land sown with dragons' teeth; and no seas

were ever more tempestuous than the stormy experiences that at first tested their faith and courage.

They were at times without the money to buy needed clothing. Yet in less than three years they returned, bringing back with them nearly one hundred thousand dollars. They had been turned away from hotels, and driven out of railway waiting-rooms, because of their colour. But they had been received with honour by the President of the United States, they had sung their slave-songs before the Queen of Great Britain, and they had gathered as invited guests about the breakfast-table of her Prime Minister.

This book, however, is not written to sound the praises of the Singers, and here it drops its introductory illustration drawn from a heathen myth. In Jason's time the inspiration to such a mission would have been lacking; its accomplishment would have been impossible in a world moulded only by Grecian culture. The quaint songs at the close of this volume owe their peculiar charm, as the story which it tells owes its peculiar interest, to those benignant influences by which Christianity is surely moving on to the final redemption of the world.

The civil war which broke out in the United States, in 1861, was avowedly waged, on one side to overthrow the Union of the States, and on the other to preserve it. But back of this object it was really a war, on one side to perpetuate slavery, and on the other to abolish it. The South understood this from the start. So did those at the North who were wise

to read the signs of the times, and especially those who had the spiritual instinct to interpret the meaning of God's providences.

The anti-slavery reformers, who had sought, through the peaceful agencies of the press, the pulpit, and the platform, to secure the abolition of slavery, went into the war with an ardour they never could have felt in the struggle of a slave-holding nation for mere political existence. No young men responded to the call for troops more heartily than those whose boyhood homes had been stations on the Underground Railway—that unique line whose stock was never offered in market, whose trains ran only by night, whose tracks were country by-roads, whose coaches were plain farm waggons, whose passengers were fugitive slaves, whose terminus was the free soil of Canada. The first detachment of Union troops that passed through Baltimore on their way to Washington made the streets of that sullen city ring with a song in honour of old John Brown, the abolitionist of Harper's Ferry. And regiment after regiment of volunteers, the pride and flower of half a million Northern homes, "rallied round the flag, shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

The slaves, too, utterly ignorant as they were of common political issues and the proportions of the struggle, almost everywhere and at once read the significance of the great conflict. Tidings of every turn in the fortunes of war passed from cabin to cabin by some mysterious telegraphy, and every Union victory was the signal for secret thanksgiving services.

It was the natural result that the camps of the Union army should at once become cities of refuge for fugitive slaves. A New England general, who had been in close political alliance with the slave power until it raised its hand to strike down the Union, gave them a name and a recognised standing in the military lines as "contraband of war." And by and by there came from the good President who had so patiently bided the time, the proclamation that made the army, in the aim as well as the incident of its work, an army of emancipation.

Its advance was the signal for a rally of slaves from all the country round to follow it, they knew not whither, save that it was to freedom. They flocked in upon the line of march by bridle-paths and across the fields; old men on crutches, babies on their mothers' backs; women wearing the cast-off blue jackets of Yankee cavalry men, boys in abbreviated trowsers of rebel grey; sometimes lugging a bundle of household goods snatched from their cabins as they fled, sometimes riding an old mule "borrowed" from "mas'r," but oftener altogether empty-handed, with nothing whatever to show for their lifetime of unrewarded toil. But they were *free;* and with what swinging of ragged hats, and tumult of rejoicing hearts and fervent "God bless you's" they greeted their deliverers! "The year of jubilee," of which they had sung and for which they had prayed and waited so many years, had come at last!

By this violent emancipation of war—so different in its process from the peaceful abolition for which the friends of the slave had been so long looking

and labouring—over four millions of bondmen were suddenly made free. They were homeless, penniless, ignorant, improvident—unprepared in every way for the dangers as well as the duties of freedom. Self-reliance they had never had the opportunity to learn, and, suddenly left to shift for themselves, they were at the mercy of the knaves who were everywhere so ready to cheat them out of their honest earnings. They had been kept all their lives in a school of immorality, and even church membership was no evidence that one was not a thief, a liar, or a libertine. Their former masters were so impoverished by their emancipation, along with the other costs of the war, that they had little ability—and were so exasperated by it that they had usually still less disposition—to help them.

The task of giving these freed slaves a Christian education was laid mainly, therefore, upon the Christian people of the North. It was a missionary work of such magnitude and character as no people was ever called to take up before. Schools were started—even before the close of the first six months of the war—in little cabins, in army tents, in unfloored log chapels, in abandoned slave marts, under the open sky. Hundreds of Northern ladies, many of them from homes of luxury and culture, came to teach these degraded people the A B C's of the spelling-book and of Christian citizenship.

The work was full of discomforts, difficulties, and danger. By the varying fortunes of war the schools were often broken up, and the teachers forced to seek safety for their lives in flight. Overworked, unable

sometimes to obtain suitable food, shelter, or medical attendance, many of these brave women laid down their lives in the cause, as truly as a soldier who is buried on the field of battle. Even after the war they were shunned as lepers in Southern society, and more than one teacher was assassinated by the Ku Klux banditti for refusing to obey their anonymous warnings to give up the work and leave the State.

But their mission was not without its brighter side. God's Spirit was often present with converting power in the schools, and in the prayer-meetings that always went hand-in-hand with the schools. All their lives, the lash or the auction-block had been the swift penalty for slaves who were caught learning to read. Now that the fetters had fallen from mind as well as body there came an eagerness to learn that was like a consuming fire. The world never saw such a sight before as these schools presented.

Families pinched with hunger asked more eagerly for schools than for bread. Women of threescore and ten sometimes mastered the alphabet in a week. Old men bent over the same spelling-books with their grandchildren. Fathers would work all day to support their families, and walk every night to an evening school eight or ten miles away. Girls suspended from school privileges for a few days, for some wrong-doing, would plead instead for the penalty of a whipping. The children of a whole school would vote unanimously for a session of study in preference to the holiday offered to them.

Their gratitude for instruction was as fervent as their desire for it was ravenous, and their attachment to their teachers was most devoted.

The first school for the freedmen was started by teachers sent out for that purpose by the American Missionary Association. This society was formed in 1846, because of the acquiescent attitude towards slavery of most of the older missionary organisations. It had sustained missions among the negroes of Jamaica and West Africa. Its home missionaries in the slave-holding States, while striving tc reach both white and black with schools and the preaching of the Gospel, had always faithfully borne testimony against the great sin of slavery. It had the confidence and support of the friends of freedom. And when this great task of giving more than four millions of freedmen a Christian education was suddenly laid upon the nation, its origin, its associations and its past labours, all pointed to it as providentially trained up for the occasion. And upon it most of the work has rested.

In 1863 it had 83 ministers and teachers in this field; in 1864, 250; in 1868, 532. Since the work began it has expended nearly $3,000,000 in it. As public schools came to be opened, to some extent, for the coloured people, and as the importance of permanent institutions for the training of teachers and ministers from among the freedmen themselves became more apparent, and the necessity for them more imperative, the Association withdrew for the most part from this temporary primary work, and concentrated its efforts upon a system of training-schools.

Besides the seventeen academies and normal schools which it has planted at central points throughout the South, and which require the services of nearly a hundred skilled teachers, it has under its fostering care seven chartered institutions for collegiate and theological education. These are located in as many different States, and no two of them are within three hundred miles of each other. They are Berea College, at Berea, Kentucky; Hampton Institute, at Hampton, Virginia; Fisk University, at Nashville, Tennessee; Atlanta University, at Atlanta, Georgia; Talladega College, at Talladega, Alabama; Tougaloo University, at Tougaloo, Mississippi; and Straight University, at New Orleans, Louisiana. These are now all successfully engaged in training teachers and ministers for the freedmen from among their own number, and are destined, it is hoped, at no very distant day to send out many missionary reapers into God's great harvest-field in Africa.

CHAPTER II.

AN IDEA TAKES SHAPE.

THE first steps towards the establishment of Fisk University were taken in the autumn of 1865. Rev. E. P. Smith, after rendering invaluable service to the Union army during the war as the Field Agent of the United States Christian Commission (the society which, under the presidency of Hon. George H. Stuart, was such a ministering angel to the soldiers in their social and physical as well as spiritual needs), had just taken up the work of Secretary of the American Missionary Association at Cincinnati.

Rev. E. M. Cravath, early in the war, had exchanged the ministrations of an Ohio parish for those of an army chaplaincy. The son of a pioneer Abolitionist, whose home was a busy station on the "Underground Railway," and whose children were thus inoculated from their earliest days with anti-slavery convictions and a special interest in the coloured race, his army experience had brought him into such acquaintance with the needs of the Freedmen, that, at the close of the war, he was commissioned by the Association for special service in organising its schools in the same department to which Mr. Smith had been assigned.

The two met at Nashville. Carefully surveying

the field, they were convinced that this was a focal point where a permanent central university ought to be planted for the higher education of the freed people—to equip their ministers and teachers, and to give their leaders in all departments of the life now opening before them a Christian training for their work.

As the capital city of Tennessee, and as the base of some of the most extensive and decisive military operations of the war, Nashville was not only a point of great business, social and political importance, but the centre of a large coloured population. Eight of the thirteen formerly slave-holding States surround and actually border upon Tennessee, and in it and them four-fifths of the freed people have their homes.

To aid in starting such an important enterprise there were, providentially, two other efficient friends of the freed people at hand—General Clinton B. Fisk, the distinguished Christian soldier then in charge of the Freedmen's Bureau in the District of Kentucky and Tennessee; and Professor John Ogden, formerly Principal of the Minnesota State Normal School, and afterwards an officer in the Union army, but now resident in Nashville as the agent of the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission. This society was then the almoner of large sums contributed by English friends of the Freedmen through the agency of Levi Coffin, the veteran manager of the "Underground Railway," but was afterwards merged into the American Missionary Association.

These four took hold of the work, but were met at the outset by two formidable difficulties. A site and buildings of its own were absolutely essential to the success of the undertaking. The Association at that time had no funds that it felt at liberty to invest in real estate for such an enterprise. More than that, the dominant element in the community was so entirely hostile to any effort to elevate the coloured people, that it was next to impossible to purchase land for such uses. But a favourable site was found and secured, without the purpose for which it was wanted being made known to the seller, by three of these friends of the work becoming individually responsible for the entire purchase-money of $16,000.

One of the chief advantages of the location was the fact that it was already occupied by a group of one-storey frame buildings, which had been erected and used for hospital barracks by the Union Army. It was known that these could be obtained from the Government, and be easily and cheaply adapted to the present necessities of the enterprise. And so, in January 1866, the new school was opened. The occasion was the most notable event of the sort in the history of the coloured people of Tennessee. Governor Brownlow made a short address, and other distinguished gentlemen in civil and military life were present. There was inspiration for the freed people in the very thought of thus founding a university for the emancipated slaves, who had all their life long been forbidden the slightest knowledge of letters.

The officers' quarters became the home of an earnest band of teachers; the sick-wards were fitted up as schoolrooms, and filled with hundreds of eager children; the dead-house was turned into a store-room of supplies for the naked and hungry. And there was an almost pathetic romance in the work when a pile of rusty handcuffs and fetters from the abandoned slave-pen of the city came into the possession of the school, and were sold as old iron, and the money invested in the purchase of Testaments and spelling-books!

The number of pupils in daily attendance the first year averaged over one thousand. Some who began the first term never ceased attendance until they had graduated, ten years afterwards, from a full collegiate course. At first the instruction was, of necessity, of an elementary sort. But the idea upon which the school was avowedly founded, of providing the highest collegiate advantages, was kept prominently in view. In 1867 the action of the city of Nashville, in making some provision for public schools at which coloured children could be educated, relieved the school of many of its primary pupils and opened the way for more perfectly carrying out the original purpose. A university charter was obtained. Some of the buildings which had been used as schoolrooms were refitted as dormitories, into which students from abroad, eager for a higher education, at once began to gather. It was not long before the number applying for admission was greater than could be accommodated.

There never was a hive of busier workers. As

they became qualified for the work the students went out to teach—missionaries to lift up their less-favoured fellows. Many of them in this way earned the money that enabled them to return again and go on further with their own studies In a single year as many as 10,000 children have been enrolled in the schools taught by teachers sent out from Fisk, —teachers, some of whom a little while before did not themselves know one letter from another. The school was pervaded, too, by a religious earnestness that was contagious. The conversion of new students was confidently looked for, and more earnestly sought than their progress in letters.

But along with all this success there had been a steadily increasing occasion of anxiety. The buildings, cheaply and hastily constructed, as they were, for temporary uses, were falling into decay. The site, which had been admirably adapted for the earlier work of the Institution, was found unsuited to its permanent uses. Year by year the problem of obtaining funds for a new site and new buildings grew more and more perplexing. The necessity for its solution at last became imperative, and the University treasurer, Mr. George L. White, undertook to work it out.

Mr. White was a native of Cadiz, New York, born in 1838. A village blacksmith's boy, his school privileges were limited to what he learned in the public school before the age of fourteen. Like so many other Yankee boys while waiting for their work—or while getting ready for it—he became a school teacher. He had inherited from his father

a special love for music, and though he had never had any musical instruction himself, and made no pretensions as a vocalist, his schools were famous for the good singing which he had the knack of getting out of his pupils.

Leaving the schoolroom for the camp, he fought for the Union in the bloody battles of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville; and the close of the war found him in the employ of the Freedmen's Bureau at Nashville. He had been actively interested in Sunday-school work among the freedmen, and at the opening of Fisk School was invited by Professor Ogden, its Principal, to devote his leisure hours to the instruction of the pupils in vocal music. When Fisk University was chartered, he became its treasurer—in other words, its man-of-all-work in business matters.

The progress made by his large singing classes was a surprise and delight to him. With a presentiment, seemingly, of what was coming, he began to pick out the most promising voices and give them that special training for which his own remarkable range of voice, instinct for musical effect, and magnetism as a drill-master so well fitted him.

In the spring of 1867 he gave a public concert with his school chorus, which was a great success financially, and a greater one in opening the eyes of the white people to the possibilities that lay hidden in the education of the blacks. A leading daily interpreted the concert as evidence that the negro was susceptible of education, and raised the question whether it was not the duty of the Southern people

to take hold of the work, instead of leaving it to Northern people with so many radical bees in their bonnets!

In 1868 he gave another and better concert; and in 1870 his now well-drilled classes rendered the beautiful cantata of "Esther" before a large and delighted assembly. Taking a part of his choir to Memphis, he gave a concert to an audience that filled the opera-house; and another trip southward to Chattanooga met with equal success.

About this time the National Teachers' Association of the United States held its annual convention in Nashville, and arrangements were made for the Fisk choir to sing in the opening exercises, to the great disgust of some who were profanely indignant that "the —— niggers could not be kept in their own places." Other musicians were to favour the convention with their services at the subsequent meetings; but the singing of the "niggers" proved to be so popular that they were in demand for every session until the close of the convention.

All this while the thought had been taking firmer hold of Mr. White's mind that a student choir might be organised, which could travel through the North and sing out of the people's pocket the money that must soon be obtained in some way for the University. The plan was talked over and prayed over for a year or two. But, turn it to the light in any way they could, the risks seemed too great.

It was one thing to give a paying concert at home, or to make flying trips to points not far away; it was quite another to start out on a campaign that

would certainly involve large expenses, while its returns might be quite inadequate to meet them. Large expenditures would be unavoidable at the start—for the outfit that would be absolutely necessary for these poorly clad students, and for the purchase of their railway tickets to Ohio. The University treasury was almost empty; the Association did not feel at liberty to risk funds contributed for missionary work in such a speculative venture. And it was not easy to persuade the untravelled parents of some of the students to risk their children in it. But a few clear-headed friends had faith in the plan, and, after much prayer and perplexity of purpose, Mr. White felt the command laid on him from the Lord to go forward.

Taking the little money that was left in the University treasury after buying provisions to last the school for a few days, putting with it all his own, and borrowing on his own notes an amount whose payment, if the venture was a failure, would strip him of every penny of his property, he started out with barely enough money to set his party in working order on the north side of the Ohio river.

Like Cortes, he had burned his ships behind him. But it was in the face of greater difficulties than confronted Cortes, and which might have staggered even his abounding courage and faith, had he foreseen them.

CHAPTER III.

LAUNCHED ON STORMY SEAS.

THE company as it left Nashville, October 6th, 1871, followed by the good wishes, prayers, misgivings and anxieties of the whole University, numbered thirteen persons. These were Mr. White, who was at the same time the captain, supercargo, pilot, steward and crew of the ship; Miss Wells, the Principal of an American Missionary Association school at Athens, Alabama, who took the oversight of the girls of the party; and eleven students—Ella Sheppard, Maggie L. Porter, Jennie Jackson, Minnie Tate, Eliza Walker, Phœbe J. Anderson, Thomas Rutling, Benjamin M. Holmes, Greene Evans, Isaac P. Dickerson, and George Wells.

The day after reaching Cincinnati the Singers met with the Rev. Messrs. Halley and Moore, the pastors of the two leading Congregational churches of the city, who were so delighted with their songs that they immediately arranged to hold praise meetings in their churches on Sunday, the next day, that their people might have the pleasure of hearing them. Full audiences greeted them in both

services. On Monday a free concert was given and a collection taken at the close. The audience was large but the contribution small.

It was on this Sunday and Monday, so well remembered all over the world, that the great Chicago fire swept away the houses of 100,000 people and property to the value of $200,000,000. In Ohio, as everywhere else, people could scarcely think or talk about anything else, much less give money to any other object.

There had not been for ten years a week that would have been, to all appearances, such an unfavourable time for the Singers to commence their work. Out of money and in debt as they were, they donated the entire proceeds of their first paid concert, which amounted to something less than $50, to the Chicago relief fund. This was given in Chillicothe, and called out a card from the Mayor and leading citizens cordially commending to public patronage the two concerts that followed.

Here at Chillicothe they met with an indignity which was often repeated in the next year's experience. Applying at one of the principal hotels for entertainment, they were refused admittance because of their colour. Treated in the same way at a second, they only secured shelter at a third by the landlord's giving up his own bedroom to them to use as a parlour, and furnishing them their meals before the usual hour, that his other guests might not leave the house. This odious and cruel caste-spirit it was to be a part of their mission—little as it was in their plans and painful as it was in ex-

perience—to break down. It was owing not a little to their triumphant success as singers, and to the story of the distinguished attentions they received from the people of highest rank and culture both in America and Great Britain, that the prejudice against colour, the hateful heritage of slavery, which was so prevalent and powerful as to make those insults common in their first year's work, was so broken down that they were quite unfrequent in their travels three years afterwards. People who would not sit in the same church-pew as a negro, under the magic of their song were able to get new light on questions of social equality.

Returning to Cincinnati to fill engagements for the Sabbath, they found a dense audience gathered at Mr. Moore's church, in spite of rainy and unpleasant weather. It was hoped that the increasing enthusiasm manifested in connection with these praise services would insure a good audience at the paid concert which had been appointed at Mozart Hall for Tuesday evening; for hotel and travelling bills were already assuming serious proportions. But the receipts were barely sufficient to defray the local expenses of the concert.

However, it was not altogether lost labour. "It was," said one of the dailies, "probably the first concert ever given by a coloured troupe in this temple, which has resounded with the notes of the best vocalists of the land. The sweetness of the voices, the accuracy of the execution, and the precision of the time, carried the mind back to the early concerts of the Hutchinsons, the Gibsons, and

other famous families, who years ago delighted audiences and taught them with sentiment while they pleased them with melody." Jennie Jackson's rendering of the "Old Folks at Home" as an encore, was received with rapturous applause. Mr. Dickerson sang the "Temperance Medley" here for the first time, and the class trembled for him, as he stood there with his knees beating a tattoo against each other, in a rusty coat that was as much too long for the fashion as his trowsers were too short for neighbourly acquaintance with his low shoes. But confidence came with the sound of his own voice, and the audience forgot the appearance of the singer who swayed them so with his song.

Journeying next to Springfield, to fill an appointment for a concert at Black's Opera-house, they found less than twenty people gathered to hear them, and with heavy hearts they announced that they would postpone the entertainment.

A Synod of Presbyterian ministers was in session here, and Mr. White obtained permission for the Singers to appear before them. Assigned a half-hour in which to sing, and state their cause, it was a full hour before the Synod would release them. And not only did they testify their delight "in a vociferous, heartfelt, and decidedly unclerical manner, with hands, feet, and voice;" but they passed a resolution "heartily commending them to the favour of the Christian community," and emphasized it by taking up a collection for their benefit of $105.

Working their way in a zig-zag path northward, they gave a concert at Yellow Springs, where the

coloured Baptist church was kindly placed at their disposal. At Xenia two concerts yielded them $84, and afforded the coloured students of Wilberforce University a stimulus that was worth, in another way, quite as much more. For those were days in which anything well done by a coloured man was an inspiration to all the rest of his race to whose knowledge it came.

At London, their singing in Springfield before the Synod bore fruit in the active efforts of the Presbyterian pastor in their behalf. The Sabbath was spent in Columbus, the Singers taking the place of the choir at one of the churches, and singing at a Sunday-school concert which is remembered as an occasion of special interest.

At Worthington they met a hearty welcome from Prof. Ogden and his wife, their old instructors at Fisk, who had done work of lasting value in laying its foundation, but were now in charge of the Ohio State Normal School at that place. There they remained several days for much-needed rest, giving a concert meanwhile which, thanks specially to the active efforts of these two old friends, yielded $60. At Delaware their concert paid still better, and, for the first time on their trip, they were permitted to sit in the same parlours and at the same tables in the hotel as white people. Three concerts at Wellington netted them little more than enough money to take them on to Cleveland; where they sang on Sunday at the First Presbyterian and Plymouth Congregational Churches, with the satisfaction that their unique praise services invariably gave.

All this time they were living, as the old phrase has it, from hand to mouth—depending on the proceeds of one concert to pay the next morning's hotel charges and buy their railway-tickets to the next appointment. Any special collapse in an evening's receipts left them helpless till some friend stepped forward—as there was almost always some friend in such an emergency who did—and paid hall and hotel bills.

But the great trial was that no light had dawned on their mission. They would have done better to stay at home if they were to make nothing above expenses. So scantily clad were they that Miss Sheppard was obliged to travel one rainy day with no protection for her feet but cloth slippers. It was not until some time after the biting weather of the Northern winter, to whose severity they were quite unused, had fully set in that Mr. White was able, by borrowing $5 that had been given to Minnie Tate, and picking up $19 in other ways, to purchase overcoats for two of the young men, who had really been suffering for want of them.

In one way and another a comfortable outfit had been secured for the young women; but such were the varieties of style represented that it was not uncommon for Ella Sheppard to be asked if Minnie Tate was her daughter—the former being twenty and the latter fourteen. And Jennie Jackson, who was nineteen, was sometimes taken to be the mother of Eliza Walker, who was fourteen.

The coolness, amounting often to indifference and sometimes to suspicion, with which even many of

the warmest friends and supporters of the American Missionary Association looked upon this new agency for raising funds for its work, was one of the specially discouraging and trying features of the enterprise. Ministers were often loth, and not unnaturally, to let the Singers into their choirs; and if they gave them the use of their churches for a praise meeting, they sometimes showed a strong inclination to take their own seats among the audience and near the door!

But Mr. White's grip upon his purpose was not easily loosened, and he learned to let none of those things move him, knowing that the enthusiasm of these doubting friends after the service was almost sure to be in about an inverse ratio to their expectations before it.

During these days of experiment and trial Mr. White was loaded down with the work of at least four men. In other enterprises of this sort—and the same plan was afterwards found to be essential to the largest success of the Jubilee Singers—it is considered necessary to have a business manager, who lays out the route, visits or corresponds with editors and public men, and arranges the general plan of the campaign. Then an advance agent goes forward and puts these plans in operation, while his alternate accompanies the troupe to take up the tickets, pay the bills, and look after the details of the evening's management. A musical director arranges the programme, drills the singers, and answers the rattling volley of questions from curious and admiring friends And where schoolgirls are in the company,

and especially those hitherto unused to self-care and the demands of cultivated society, a governess is needed to look after their health and deportment.

In those early days the duties of general manager, advance agent, musical director, ticket-seller, and porter all fell to Mr. White. When the Singers halted somewhere for rest, he pushed ahead to lay out a new route; sometimes, when but a few appointments remained, he left Miss Wells and Miss Sheppard, the pianist, to attend to them while he went off to make new ones. The Singers he kept in drill the best he could. A rehearsal of some piece on their evening's programme was often the first course when they gathered at the dinner-table.

With all this work on his hands, there lay on his heart the burden of increasing debt and the consciousness that, while the business affairs of the University were needing his presence, the fact that he was earning no money and sending them no encouragement was adding to the uneasiness and anxiety of his associates at home. Many a time their last dollar was paid out for provisions; and he and they found frequent occasions to adopt the prayer of the old slave-song:

> "O Lord, O my Lord, O my good Lord!
> Keep me from sinking down."

But with a stedfast Christian faith, that seemed little less than obstinacy to those who could not read the Divine leadings, he held on.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT IN THE EAST.

MR. WHITE had laid out the plan of his trip with special reference to reaching Oberlin in time to sing before the National Council of the Congregational Churches, which was to assemble there on the 15th of November. Consisting as it would of leading Congregational ministers and laymen from all parts of the land, and specially representing the constituency of the American Missionary Association, he argued that to get a hearing before it would give him leverage of great advantage for his work. And his reasoning was not at fault.

The Council consented to hear a few pieces during a recess in their deliberations. Everybody was delighted. A collection of over $130 was taken upon the spot; and the seed sown was destined to bear much richer fruit after many days. Two of the secretaries of the Association were present, and they agreed that it was advisable for Mr. White to push on eastward. To relieve him of some of his overload of care, Mr. G. S. Pope, formerly in the service of the Association in its work among the freedmen,

but now a theological student at Oberlin, was engaged to attend to the duties of advance agent.

From Oberlin the company went to Cleveland to give two concerts in Case Hall. The churches had been filled the Sunday before to listen to the Singers, but at neither concert were the receipts sufficient to meet expenses. Before the close of the second evening's entertainment, on Saturday night, Mr. White made a few remarks explaining their mission, declaring his faith that God had called them to the work, and would somehow open the way; but frankly admitting that he had barely money enough to pay for the hall, and nothing with which to meet their hotel bills over Sunday and their expenses to Columbus, where they were advertised for a concert. Before leaving the hall one gentleman sent up a cheque for $100, written on the back of a programme, and three others handed him $40 more.

This gave encouragement at a time when encouragement was never more needed. For it is to be remembered that the movements of the Singers involved great expense: Case Hall rents for $75 a night; to advertise a concert in such a city costs from $25 to $50; and the hotel bills of the company were usually from $20 to $25 a day. There was abundant use, it will be seen, for the $140.

At Columbus came two concerts, again, which did not pay expenses. The Rev. H. S. Bennett, the pastor of the church at Nashville to which some of the Singers belonged, and also a trustee of the University, was present, and a prayer meeting was

held to seek the Divine guidance in deciding what should be done with the enterprise. No light was found on any other course but to go forward.

Hitherto the company had had no distinctive name. They had been mentioned in a Cincinnati paper as "a band of negro minstrels who call themselves Coloured Christian Singers." It was at Columbus, after an anxious and almost sleepless night, that Mr. White decided to name them "THE JUBILEE SINGERS." The Old Testament "year of jubilee" had always been the favourite figure of speech into which the slaves put their prayers and hopes for emancipation. Their year of jubilee had come—this little band of singers was a witness to it, an outgrowth of it. There was thus a suggestiveness and obvious fitness in the name—it had a flavour of its own. There was a musical euphony in it, too, and it "took" at once.

Only those who have made a study of catering for the public taste can realise how much there is in a name. A novelist knows that the sale of a new story depends almost as much upon its title as its plot. Those who have been most closely associated with the Singers have come to believe that Mr. White's christening of his company was the best night's work he ever did.

At Zanesville also their concert did not meet expenses. But a friend paid their hotel bill, which amounted to $27. What figure it would have reached had not the six girls been put into a single room over a shed, where the bedclothing was so offensive that they were constrained to roll the

most of it in a bundle and lay it on the porch while they slept wrapped in their waterproofs, is not known.

Mount Vernon was their next point, where the Rev. T. E. Monroe, who had met them at Columbus, welcomed them heartily to his church on Sunday, and aided to make their concert on Monday evening a decided success. Here Ella Sheppard, who had been for some time in poor health, became so ill that the physician advised that she return at once to Nashville. But Mr. White could not be made to believe that the Lord wanted the company to go east without their pianist, and declined to follow this advice. And in a few days she recovered sufficiently to resume her work.

Feeling their way to the best method of raising money, the experiment was tried again, at Mansfield, of a free concert with a collection at its close. But the result was the same as almost invariably attended this expedient before and since—the house was full, the contribution-boxes nearly empty. On the next night an admission-fee was charged, but the audience was small. Some thoughtful friend was moved, however, to propose a collection, and it enabled Mr. White to pay all bills and buy tickets to Akron, where they had an appointment for a concert on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. This yielded only $20, but the consideration with which they were treated at the hotel, and the fine Thanksgiving dinner which was set before them, made their memories of Akron very pleasant ones. At Meadville, Pennsylvania, their Sabbath services

in the Methodist Church were well attended, and their concert on Monday evening moderately successful.

Still moving eastward, they came next to Jamestown, New York, where the Congregational pastor, Rev. Col. Anderson, who was familiar from personal inspection with the good work that was being done at Fisk, had made ready for them. A praise meeting at his church was followed, on the next two nights, by concerts. In spite of a severe snowstorm, which interfered greatly with street travel, the net receipts were sufficient for the purchase of tickets to New York city.

Stopping at Elmira, they held a praise meeting on Sunday afternoon in the First Presbyterian Church, to the disgust of a few of its supporters who spelled negro with two g's, and stayed away from the service, and to the great delight of all who attended. In the evening they sang a few selections at the Rev. T. K. Beecher's regular service in the opera-house; and the next night gave a concert at his church, which was the greatest success, so far, of their trip. The leading hotels of the city had, it is true, one after another refused the party entertainment when they arrived on the midnight train. But the papers were lavish in praise of their services of song, and Mr. Beecher wrote a letter to his distinguished Brooklyn brother, Henry Ward Beecher, warmly commending them to his attention.

The night had been long and dark, but it really seemed as if these flashes of light in their Eastern sky meant that the sunrise was at hand. At New

York they were at the headquarters of the American Missionary Association, and so in a special sense among their friends. As no good hotel accommodations could be secured at reasonable rates, three of the officers of the Association, who lived in adjoining houses in Brooklyn, took the party into their own families. And there they found a home for the next six weeks.

Prior to their arrival at New York, Rev. George Whipple, the senior secretary of the American Missionary Association, had arranged with Rev. Henry Ward Beecher that they should attend his Friday evening prayer meeting and sing a few slave-hymns at the close of the service. Mr. Beecher and his people were delighted. After singing about twenty minutes, the party started to retire from the platform. Mr. Beecher, jumping up, requested them to return. Standing in front of them, with pocket-book in hand, he indicated, with characteristic drollery and enthusiasm, that a collection would be taken up, after which they would have a few more songs. Before the meeting closed, he announced that this was but a foretaste of what was to come: the Singers were to give a concert in the church the next week, and the congregation were to give them a benefit.

As Mr. Beecher's lecture-room talks are widely circulated through the papers, this resulted in a very favourable introduction to the public. The concert at Plymouth Church was well attended, and the enthusiasm unbounded. Mr. Beecher had urged his people from the pulpit the preceding Sabbath to give

the Singers a hearty welcome, and they seemed bent on gratifying him to the utmost. The New York *Herald* headed the column containing its report the next morning, "Beecher's Negro Minstrels." This helped to advertise their work, while it did not at all prejudice it in the minds of the Christian people whose opinion was worth most to it.

The experience of the next few weeks was as uniformly encouraging as that of the last two months had been depressing. A few songs in a prayer meeting or Sunday-school, with a brief explanation of their mission, generally secured at once the offer of the church for a concert, and a hearty commendation of their work from the pulpit that rarely failed to bring out an audience.

From Dr. Talmage's and Dr. Cuyler's prayer meetings they went away richer by generous contributions on the spot. Dr. Storrs gave up his Sunday evening service for their praise meeting. Dr. Scudder invited them into his church. A concert in Dr. Burchard's church, the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian of New York, was thronged by a delighted audience of the highest culture and social position. Dr. Budington interested himself in promoting the success of a concert in his church in Brooklyn. At the Tabernacle Church, Jersey City, of which Rev. G. B. Willcox, a member of the Executive Committee of the American Missionary Association, was pastor, they were greeted by the largest audience that had ever yet attended one of their paid concerts—the receipts amounting to nearly $740.

Preliminary to a flying trip to Boston to give a

concert in the Music Hall, in connection with the annual Methodist Reunion, Mr. Beecher wrote to a Boston friend: "They will charm any audience, sure; they make their mark by giving the 'spirituals' and plantation hymns as only they can sing them who know how to keep time to a master's whip. Our people have been delighted." And in a lecture which he delivered in Boston just before their coming Mr. Beecher took occasion to advise everybody to attend.

Dr. Cuyler wrote to the New York *Tribune* of their concert in his church, the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian, of Brooklyn: "I never saw a cultivated Brooklyn assemblage so moved and melted under the magnetism of music before. The wild melodies of these emancipated slaves touched the fount of tears, and grey-haired men wept like little children. Their wonderful skill was put to the severest test when they attempted 'Home, Sweet Home,' before auditors who had heard those same household words from the lips of Jenny Lind and Parepa. Yet these emancipated bond-women — now that they know what the word home signifies—rendered that dear old song with a power and pathos never surpassed. Allow me to bespeak a universal welcome through the North for these living representatives of the only true native school of American music. We have long enough had its coarse caricatures in corked faces; our people can now listen to the genuine soul-music of the slave cabins, before the Lord led His children 'out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage'!"

The news of their successes at this metropolitan centre of business enterprise, social culture, and Christian work, rayed out, of course, in every direction. Thenceforward a part of the heavy load that they had previously carried steadily grew lighter—the labour of creating a *demand* for their entertainments wherever they offered them. Their enterprise was nearly out of debt, and the company were in that excellent working order which such an inspiriting change in their prospects might be expected to promote. A campaign through the principal towns of Connecticut was planned. Rev. G. D. Pike, one of the District Secretaries of the American Missionary Association, as well as its other officers, had been actively interested in the work in and about New York. As Connecticut was in his district, he offered the Singers his services on this trip, which his special acquaintance with the field, as well as his business tact and energy, made most welcome. High hopes were cherished that they might be able to raise $500 a week above their expenses.

CHAPTER V.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

THIS campaign was a succession of triumphs. The Singers, with their experiences of the last three months so vividly in remembrance, seemed to themselves to be walking in a dream. Mr. White had expected success, but even he had not dared to hope for such a success as this. Ministers everywhere—and especially those who had cheered the Singers at Oberlin with their applause and contributions, and so felt a sort of proprietary interest in the work—gave themselves enthusiastically to promote arrangements for their concerts. And the audiences that crowded the churches and halls where they sang did not seem to be content merely with contributing an admission-fee to their funds.

Almost a *furore* for making them presents broke out, and spread from town to town as they went. At Bristol, famous for its manufacture of clocks, a gentleman pledged a supply of that useful article or the new Hall on its completion. At Winsted, another manufacturing centre, a few friends promised a bell. The Douglass Manufacturing Co., at Middle-

town, asked the party to take from its catalogue whatever goods the University might need. The Meriden Britannia Co. gave them a full outfit of silver ware for the dining-hall; another Meriden firm contributed gas fixtures; and a president of one of the Meriden banks sent word that while he could not invite them to take as much as they might need from the bank, yet if they would call he would make them a present of $100.

Several gentlemen in Birmingham contributed $50 each to fit up a "Birmingham Recitation Room" in the new building. At the concert in Waterbury, two gentlemen sent up $200; and the contributions, in cash and valuables, at the concert in New Haven amounted to $500.

Here at New Haven the enthusiasm seemed to touch high-water mark. Two of the principal hotels had declined to entertain the Singers on account of their colour. The fact became public through the papers, and some of the families of highest social position in the city at once opened their doors to receive them. Their concert was announced for Thursday evening. By Tuesday morning all the desirable seats were sold. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was advertised for a lecture on the same night. But there was so little demand for the tickets that Thursday's papers announced that the lecture would be deferred on account of the concert! Mr. Beecher attended the concert and made one of his felicitous speeches. No one was apparently more delighted than he that a day had come in that university-city when a company of freed slave singers

could draw an audience away from the greatest preacher and lecturer in the land.

The admission receipts at this concert were over $1,200. The collection taken for them the next Sunday evening, in the Second Congregational Church in Norwich, was the largest contribution they had ever received at a Sunday service, and the gross income of the last seven days of this Connecticut campaign exceeded $3,900.

At the Sterling House, in Bridgeport, the party were assigned to some of the best rooms in that first-class hotel, and admitted to the same privileges in the dining-room as the most aristocratic guests. The answer of the proprietor, when asked if his boarders complained of such attentions to coloured people, was pithy and to the point, "*I* keep this hotel, sir!"

At Norwich they were the guests of Connecticut's distinguished War Governor and Senator, the late Hon. William A. Buckingham. But the very next day they were turned out of an hotel in Newark, New Jersey, by a publican who would have felt honoured by even a bow from Governor Buckingham on the street. This tavern-keeper had inferred, it seems, when accommodations were engaged for them in advance, that they were a company of "nigger minstrels." Although they had already retired to the rooms assigned to them before he discovered that their faces were coloured by their Creator, and not with burnt cork, he promptly drove them into the street.

The outrage was the harder to bear because they

were in special need of rest; for they had been riding all night, and their nervous energies were well-nigh exhausted after the draft which the unusual excitement and success of the last few weeks had made upon them. The best citizens of Newark visited their indignation without stint on the landlord. Some of his most valuable patrons immediately left the house; and it is said that the city council took advantage of the favourable feeling toward coloured people thus stimulated, to pass an ordinance opening to them all the privileges of the public schools.

A visit to Washington followed, which was no exception to the success which had of late so steadily attended them. The Vice-President, with his family, and many members of Congress, came to their concerts. The President turned aside from pressing public duties to give them audience at the White House, assure them of his interest in their work, and hear them sing, "Go down, Moses." "Parson Brownlow," the famous Unionist senator from their own State, was so ill as to be unable to sit up, but received them in his sick-room, and cried like a child as these emancipated slaves sang that pleading, pathetic song of sorrow,—

> "O Lord, O my Lord, O my good Lord!
> Keep me from sinking down."

Returning again to New York, a series of concerts culminated in two memorable gatherings at Steinway Hall. The platform each evening was occupied by some of the most eminent divines of the metro-

polis, and the great hall was filled with a delighted audience in which the *élite* of the city was largely represented. Many went away unable to obtain seats.

By this time the business methods and machinery of concert work had been thoroughly perfected. Mr. Pike was relieved from the duties of his secretaryship to continue in this labour, for which he had shown such special talent, and which was to owe so much of its subsequent success to his sagacity and energetic business administration. There was need that Miss Wells should return to her school in Alabama ; and Miss Susan Gilbert, who had been for some years in the service of the Association in North Carolina, and afterwards at its home office, took her place.

The Singers at last had the tide in their favour. They were now so well known that they did not need to sing to half-filled halls until they could make a reputation. Their songs were unique, and people did not tire of hearing them over and over again. Thanks to Mr. White's unusual skill, both in choosing voices and drilling them, their singing, as all the critics agreed, was something wonderful in its harmony, power, and bell-like sweetness.

Their history as emancipated slaves touched the interest and sympathy of the public, particularly that part of it which had been interested in the great anti-slavery struggle. And last, but by no means least in accounting for their success, they furnished a refined and wholesome entertainment, which Christian people who did not care to visit the theatre and kindred places of amusement could

attend and enjoy. There was need of and a wide demand for just such healthful and elevating diversion as these concerts afforded.

Beginning with several concerts in Boston, they now visited successively the more prominent points in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and a number of places in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, meeting everywhere an enthusiasm and a helpfulness from friends not unlike that by which they were borne through Connecticut the month previous.

Among the presents received in Boston was a $1,000 organ for the University, from Smith Brothers. Hon. A. C. Barstow, of Providence, had heard them at Oberlin, and tendered them the use of his beautiful music-hall at that city, where their concerts were one repeated ovation. Returning to the same city some days subsequently, after singing at Worcester, Lawrence, Lowell, Lynn, Wakefield, Andover, Cambridgeport, Taunton, and other points, another concert yielded them about $1,000.

At Andover and Taunton the good-will of the people took the shape of contributions for the purchase of books for the University library. Reaching Boston again, $1,235 was taken in at a *matinée* on Saturday afternoon, the largest sum ever realised up to that time from the admission receipts alone of any one entertainment.

Their songs, which had been written out for the first time by Mr. Theodore F. Seward, the distinguished teacher and composer, and published in book-form, were sold by hundreds at their concerts,

and hills and valleys, parlours and halls, wherever they went, were vocal with the Jubilee melodies.

After a week spent in Cambridge, Chelsea, Salem, and Newburyport, they visited Portland, Maine, where the Council tendered them the free use of the city hall. Remunerative concerts followed at Concord and Hanover, New Hampshire; St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and Springfield, Massachusetts, the latter yielding $1,050. With a night at Troy, New York, and another at Poughkeepsie, the first season's singing campaign closed. The fruit of these three months' work was $20,000, more than three times as much as their enthusiasm had dared hope for when starting out from New York on the Connecticut campaign.

It was a tired but light-hearted party that now started homeward. They had bought first-class tickets from New York to Nashville, and on arriving at the station in Louisville early in the morning, entered the unoccupied sitting-room assigned to first-class passengers. A railway *employé* coming along soon afterwards, gave notice that "niggers" were not allowed in that room, and ordered the party out. Mr. White claimed the right to keep his company there by virtue of their tickets, and declined to leave until turned out by some responsible authority. Thereupon a policeman was brought, who, with angry profanity, ejected them from the room, amid the applause of a cursing mob of one or two thousand people. The superintendent of the road, however, as he has made a habit of doing ever since when the party have had

occasion to pass on his line, placed a first-class car at their disposal. The sight of such a carriage with coloured faces at almost every window made a sensation at every station where they stopped.

The company was received at the University with a joy and thanksgiving that cannot be described. They had gone forth weeping; but they returned bringing their sheaves with them—a marvellous harvest after those months of marvellous patience, toil, and triumph

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECOND CAMPAIGN.

UNDER God's blessing their labours had saved the University from suspending, or even curtailing, its work. But their success, so far, in raising money was chiefly valuable as evidence that a way had been found for obtaining the much larger sum that the necessities of the growing work required. The Singers had received an invitation to participate in the second World's Peace Jubilee, to be held in Boston in June. Stopping in Nashville little more than a week, they again took the field. Giving a few concerts in Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio, they went on to Boston. Parts had been assigned them on the programmes of several days' exercises. The immense audience of 40,000 people was gathered from all parts of the land; and the colour prejudice that had followed the Singers everywhere reappeared here in the shower of brutal hisses that greeted their first appearance. But the air of that radical New England city is not kindly to colourphobia, and a deluge of applause answered and drowned the insult.

And a day or two after, the Singers had a proud revenge.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's stirring lyric, "The Battle-hymn of the Republic," was on the programme, to be sung to the air of "John Brown." The first verses were to be taken by some coloured singers of Boston. But, for some unexplained reason, the key was given to the orchestra in E flat, cruelly high under such circumstances, and the first verses were a painful failure. The Jubilee Singers were to come in with the verse beginning,

> "He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat."

Fired by the remembrance of their reception on the previous day, and feeling that to some extent the reputation of their colour was at stake, they sang as if inspired. Mr. White's masterly drill had made easy to them the high notes on which the others had failed. Every word of that first line rang through the great Coliseum as if sounded out of a trumpet. The great audience were carried away on a whirlwind of delight; the trained musicians in the orchestra bent forward in forgetfulness of their parts; and one old German was conspicuous, holding his violincello above his head with one hand, and whacking out upon it his applause with the bow held in the other.

When the grand old chorus, "Glory, glory, hallelujah," followed, with a swelling volume of music from the great orchestra, the thunder of the bands, and the roar of the artillery, the scene was indescribable.

Twenty thousand people were on their feet. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs. Men threw their hats in the air, and the Coliseum rang with cheers and shouts of "The Jubilees! The Jubilees for ever!" Mr. Gillmore brought the Singers from their place below, and massed them upon his own platform, where they sang the remaining verses.

Mr. White has never quite forgiven himself that he did not answer the thunderous encore that followed, with "John Brown" in the original version! Musically speaking, it was the greatest triumph of their career, and they never recall it yet, without a gleaming eye and quickened pulse. It was worth more than a Congressional enactment in bringing that audience to the true ground on the question of "civil rights."

The number of the Singers had been increased to fourteen, with a view to division into two companies when it was desired to visit the smaller places where it would not pay to take the full number; and the rest of the summer was spent in rest and drill at Acton, Massachusetts. A faithful trial, during the fall, of the experiment of two small companies little more than paid expenses; and at New Year's Day the troupe was reorganised, to consist of eleven members, as follows: Ella Sheppard, Maggie L. Porter, Jennie Jackson, Mabel Lewis, Minnie Tate, Georgia Gordon, Julia Jackson, Thomas Rutling, Edmund Watkins, Benjamin M. Holmes, and Isaac P. Dickerson.

A busy and successful campaign of three months followed. The Singers received a letter, drawn up

at the suggestion of their distinguished and faithful friend, Hon. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, and signed by such representative citizens as Mr. Stuart, Jay Cooke, Rev. Dr. Hawes, Bishop Simpson, Rev. Dr. Newton, John Wanamaker, etc., inviting them to visit that city.

The Academy of Music, one of the finest halls in the United States, had been refused a few months before for an address by a United States senator, because he was a black man. But the names of the distinguished citizens by whose invitations the Singers came to the city were sufficient to secure it for their concerts; and the fact that they were the first representatives of the coloured race to occupy that platform gave a special significance to the occasion. The great building was thronged night after night, and it was one of the most profitable series of concerts ever given by the Singers, before or since.

Application had been made to several of the leading hotels for the entertainment of the party. But no hotel-keeper had been found with the convictions and courage to risk the odium he might incur if he admitted coloured guests, and they had been compelled to take up inconvenient and insufficient quarters in a small boarding-house. This fact being mentioned at one of the concerts, the proprietor of the Continental, the best hotel in the city, who was absent when application was made at his office, at once announced that the Singers were welcome to as good accommodations as his house afforded. Subsequently he entertained them in the

best manner, and at a generous reduction from regular rates.

While stopping at the Continental, the housekeeper one day kindly escorted the party on a semi-subterranean tour through the kitchen and other working departments of the great hotel. They were much interested in the novel sight, and asked permission to invite the working force of the hotel to their dining-room, that they might sing for them. Word came to the guests of the hotel of what was going on, and they gathered about the doors of the crowded room, begging that the concert might be adjourned to the larger dining-room. The Singers acquiesced on condition that their invited hearers, white and black, should have the front places. There probably was never a Jubilee concert that gave more pleasure to the occupants of the "reserved seats;" nor to the rest of the audience, for that matter.

At a concert to be given soon after, in the Masonic Hall, Baltimore, a city noted for its intense pro-slavery feeling, the ticket-seller, acting in accordance with Baltimore usages, had taken upon himself the responsibility of refusing to sell reserved seats to coloured people. This came to the ears of the company when they reached the city the day of the concert, and one of the Singers was sent *incognito* to the ticket-office to buy a reserved seat, and test the truth of the story. His application for a seat to hear himself sing was refused!

Here was evidently a call to do a little missionary work, as well as furnish some entertainment for the

people of Baltimore. The ticket-seller was relieved from further duty, and notice was immediately given that any well-behaved person could have any seat in the hall by paying the advertised price for it. A few coloured people occupied reserved seats here and there on the main floor, but it was never heard that any one received harm from such a radical innovation in Baltimore customs. The audience were apparently so interested in the singing that they forgot to study the colour of their neighbours' faces.

The Singers were quite accustomed to being refused entertainment at hotels because of their colour. This was not always, however, for fear merely of offending other guests. In one case, in Illinois, the hotel servants squarely refused to wait on the "nagurs," as *they* pronounced the word, and the Singers were their own boot-blacks and chamber-maids. At another hotel the landlord met a similar refusal by paying the mutineers their wages and sending them *en masse* into the street.

But the most offensive manifestation of caste prejudice that ever flaunted itself in the face of the party occurred during this campaign, at Princeton, New Jersey. They had been invited by President McCosh, and other members of the Faculty of Princeton College, to visit the place, and one of the churches had been tendered them for their concert. A little while before it was time for the concert to begin, they learned that an out-of-the-way corner of the church had been set aside for coloured people, and that they were refused admission to any other

part of the house. An estimable lady, who was a teacher in a coloured mission school, had bought reserved seats for her class; but they, too, were compelled to take their place in the coloured quarter under the gallery, regardless of the contract involved in the tickets which they held. The Singers were so indignant that they would gladly have given up the concert. The fact that so many old friends of the slave had come from long distances to hear them alone persuaded them to go on.

During two seasons of concerts they had never before been subjected to this indignity, even in a public hall; that it should be offered in a church of Christ was a grievance not to be passed over in silence, and Mr. White took occasion, in an interval of the concert, to characterise it in the terms it deserved. It was plainer preaching on *that* subject, probably, than had ever been heard in that church before. And most of those who greeted it with their angry hisses have doubtless already lived long enough to be heartily ashamed of them.

A tract of twenty-five acres, on a commanding site overlooking the city of Nashville, had been purchased for the permanent location of Fisk University. During the war the eminence had been crowned by Fort Gillem, one of the encircling line of fortifications that had defended the city in the memorable contests that had raged around it. The students had worked with the labourers to level the earthworks, and the foundations had been laid for a noble building for university purposes, to be called Jubilee Hall.

The project of visiting England with a view to raising funds for its completion, had been for some time under prayerful consideration. During the winter campaign, it was decided to start early in the spring, and the closing work of the season took the shape of farewell concerts in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Providence, and elsewhere. One given in Boston, March 26th, in response to a request signed by Governor Claflin, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Rev. E. E. Hale, Dr. Kirk, Phillips Brooks, and several other eminent citizens, was the most successful, financially, that the Singers had ever given in that city.

And so the winter's work drew to a close. Its net result was the addition of another $20,000 to their fund, making $40,000 that they had now secured. With exultation and thankfulness as they thought of past success, and with high hopes for the future, preparations were at once made for the visit to Great Britain. Very cordial letters of introduction, commending the music and mission of the Singers, were given by the governors of five of the New England States, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Hon. George H. Stuart, George MacDonald — then on a lecturing tour in America—and other influential friends. An open letter from Governor Brown, of Tennessee, bespeaking favour for their work, was especially valuable as coming from the chief magistrate of a commonwealth that was so recently a slave State.

They were not to get away, however, without still another conflict with caste prejudices. Cabin accommodations were refused the party by one after

another of the leading ocean steamship lines. At last an application to the Cunard agents at Boston met with ready success, and when the Singers stepped on the deck of the good steamer *Batavia* it was to enter upon a year's experience where such annoyances were to be unknown.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

A STUDY of the situation, on Mr. Pike's arrival in London in advance of the Singers, made it at once apparent that the endorsement and patronage of distinguished people, which had been such a helpful feature of the work in America, were still more indispensable to an early and large success in England. Under a favouring Providence, the letters of introduction previously mentioned speedily opened the way to all of the assistance of this sort that could have been hoped for.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, than whom no man in any station, on either side of the Atlantic, has given his life more untiringly and unselfishly to every species of philanthropic effort, at once manifested much interest in the enterprise. There was no one else in the kingdom whose rank, relations, and reputation would combine to make him such a valuable patron and friend. He was President of the Freedmen's Missions Aid Society, the English organisation auxiliary to the American Missionary Association. In accordance with his advice, arrangements were made

for a private concert at Willis's Rooms on the afternoon of the 6th of May. Cards of invitation, issued in the name of the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Committee of the Society, were sent to the nobility, members of Parliament, the leading clergymen of different denominations, editors, and other persons of influence likely to be interested in such a cause. The visit to London had been timed with a view to reaching the influential ministers and laymen from all parts of the kingdom who throng there during the May anniversaries. Mr. Pike—and Rev. James Powell, who, being of English birth and used to English ways, had come with him to aid in launching the enterprise in foreign waters—had spent nearly a month in stirring up an interest through the press and in private effort.

When the time for the concert came, the hall was filled with a distinguished assemblage. The Singers, keenly eager to justify the promises made on their behalf, did their best.

Before the programme was half-finished they had carried their audience by storm. At the close congratulations were lavished upon them, and offers of co-operation were abundant. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll were foremost in expressing a desire to assist them, and, before leaving the hall, arranged for a visit of the Singers to Argyll Lodge the next day. The leading dailies, the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *News*, the *Telegraph*, on the next morning gave cordial praise of the entertainment. Through this first concert, and the distinguished hospitalities to which it led, the Singers found themselves at once

introduced to the British public under the most favouring auspices.

The visit to Argyll Lodge was destined to be a more notable event than they, even in their great gratification at what was apparent in the invitation, could at all foresee. The kind attentions with which they were received in the drawing-room were strikingly in contrast with their experiences of recent date in American hotels and railway-stations. But what was their surprise and delight to learn, after a little time pleasantly spent in conversation with their noble hosts and other guests, that the Queen had been asked to be present and was expected soon!

They had been told, again and again, that if they could but sing before the Queen their success would be assured. But how to secure her notice for a company of young freed people, singers who had nothing of more renown to offer than the prayer-meeting hymns which they had learned in bondage, was a problem on which no light whatever had been cast until it lay suddenly solved before them.

Soon after her Majesty's arrival, the Duke informed them that she would be pleased to see them in an adjoining room. At his request they sang, first, "Steal away to Jesus;" then chanted the Lord's Prayer, and sang "Go down, Moses." The Queen listened with manifest pleasure, and, as they withdrew, communicated through the Duke her thanks for the gratification they had given her. There was no stage parade or theatric pomp in the scene; but the spectacle of England's Queen coming from her palace to listen to the songs which these

humble students learned in their slave cabins, and that not merely for her own entertainment, but to encourage them in their efforts to lift up their fellow freed people, was worthy a place in history. Such an occurrence marks unmistakably the progress that Christianity has made in renewing our world, since the not very distant day when royalty would have taken no interest whatever in such a people. And it throws a beautiful light on the character of the noble woman who is universally loved and reverenced as no ruler was ever loved by any people before.

Other hospitalities made the next three months of their stay in London memorable. Probably no private party of Americans was ever before treated with such distinguished attention. It was not possible for them to accept all of the invitations of this nature which they received. While at Argyll Lodge, Dean Stanley invited them to visit the Deanery at Westminster Abbey, a pleasure which they realised a few days after.

An afternoon was spent at the delightful home of Samuel Gurney, the distinguished Quaker abolitionist, near Regent's Park, introducing the Singers to a large party who were Friends in truth as well as name. To no one did the mission of the Singers mean more than to the noble circle of Quakers, who had all their lives long been such devoted friends of the oppressed.

Mr. George MacDonald, the distinguished novelist, gave them a welcome invitation to his beautiful home on the banks of the Thames, on the occasion of one of his annual garden parties — a Scriptural

gathering of the poor and the lame whom he brings out from the crowded London tenements every summer for a day's outing under the trees. No one could have enjoyed more than the Singers the opportunity of contributing to its success.

But the most distinguished attentions of this sort which they received came through the kind offices of Rev. Newman Hall, in mentioning the Singers to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The latter were to give a lunch at their residence, Carlton House Terrace, to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family. The Singers were invited to be present and chant the Lord's Prayer, as a grace before lunch, and contribute in any other way that might seem desirable to the entertainment of the occasion. Standing in one of the alcoves of the dining-room, they had been unobserved by most of the company until the sweet harmony of that fine Gregorian chant stole through the room. Then explanations passed from one to another of the guests, and there was a call for more singing. Along with other pieces, "John Brown" was given, awakening that special enthusiasm with which English hearers have always received it. The Prince of Wales, looking over the book of songs, called for "No more auction-block for me;" and Mrs. Gladstone asked, as a special favour to the Grand-Duchess Czarevna, whose imperial father-in-law had emancipated the serfs in Russia, that "John Brown" might be repeated. Special interest was manifested in the Singers, and many questions were asked of them, and many encouraging words spoken

by the distinguished guests. Among those present, beside the Royal family, were the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Earl Granville, and other members of the nobility; Count Munster, Mr. Motley, and other representatives of the diplomatic corps; the Hon. John Bright, the Bishop of Winchester—son of the great Wilberforce, Mrs. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, and others.

But this was not all of their good fortune at the hands of the Prime Minister. A few days after, a note was received, in which Mr. Gladstone said, "I beg you to accept the assurances of the great pleasure which the Jubilee Singers gave on Monday to our illustrious guests, and to all who heard them. I should wish to offer a little present in books in acknowledgment of their kindness, and in connection with the purposes, as they have announced, of their visit to England. It has occurred to me that perhaps they might like to breakfast with us, my family and a very few friends, but I would not ask this unless it is thoroughly agreeable to them." The note closed with suggesting a day on which he would be glad to entertain the party.

The invitation was of course gladly accepted. Aside from the especial help it might give them in their immediate work, it was felt that such attentions to a company of coloured people, just out of bondage, by the Prime Minister of Great Britain, was a rebuke to the caste spirit in America that would do great good. Their first visit to Carlton House Terrace was to entertain its guests, now they were to be themselves its guests. Mr. Glad-

stone had spent the night at Chiselhurst, and was in such poor health that he had, by his physician's order, excused himself from attending the banquet to be given at the Mansion House that evening by the Lord Mayor to the Ministry. Nevertheless, he rode in twenty-five miles that morning to keep his appointment to meet his negro friends at breakfast. Several members of the Cabinet and of Parliament, with ladies of the nobility, were also among the guests. The Singers were distributed between them at the table, and were the recipients of the kind and assiduous attentions of all. Writing an account of the occasion for the New York *Independent*, the Rev. Newman Hall, alluding to the colour prejudices of so many Americans, said: "I wish they had been present yesterday, to see Mrs. Gladstone and her daughters, and the noble lords and ladies present. taking their negro friends by the hand, placing them chairs, sitting at their side, pouring out their tea, etc., and conversing with them in a manner utterly free from any approach either to pride or condescension; but exactly as if they had been white people in their own rank in life. And this not as an effort, nor for the show of it, but from a habit of social intercourse which would have rendered any other conduct perfectly impossible."

After breakfast Mr. Gladstone showed to his guests some of the principal objects of interest in his collection of art treasures, explaining them in his fascinating style. "Then," to quote Mr. Hall's account once more, "all the party being gathered in the drawing-room, the Jubilee Singers enter-

tained us with their wonderful music. First we had 'John Brown.' I never heard them sing it as they did yesterday. It was not the music alone, but the features of the singers also which made it so impressive. Their eyes flashed; their countenances told of reverence and joy and gratitude to God. Never shall I forget Mr. Gladstone's rapt, enthusiastic attention. His form was bent forward, his eyes were riveted; all the intellect and soul of his great nature seemed expressed in his countenance; and when they had finished he kept saying, 'Isn't it wonderful? I never heard anything like it!' The tender, thrilling words and music of 'Oh, how I love Jesus!' brought tears to the eyes of the listeners; and when they closed with the Lord's Prayer, all the company, led by Mr. Gladstone, reverently stood with bowed heads in worship.

"Just before leaving the room, they sang, 'Good-bye, brother; good-bye, sister;' which went to every heart. As brothers and sisters, the Premier and Mrs. Gladstone, with their guests, bade them farewell. It was just noon when we passed through the hall, where several persons were waiting on official business to see the Premier, who, doubtless, from that time till late at night was anxiously occupied with public affairs, but whose morning was given up to his negro friends with such heartiness and leisure of mind, that a stranger might suppose he was, of all present, the one whose time was most his own."

Subsequently Mr. Gladstone sent them a valuable present of books for the University library; as did

Mr. Motley, in accordance with a promise made to them on their first visit to Carlton House Terrace.

Several other occasions served to introduce the Singers to the public, in a way that gave them special leverage in their work afterwards. By the kind assistance of Dr. Allon, and one or two other friends, arrangements were made for them to appear at the annual dinner of the Congregational Union. Six or seven hundred leading ministers and laymen, from all parts of the kingdom, were present, and gave rapturous applause to one after another of the songs. As at Oberlin, this served as a favourable introduction to the denomination throughout the whole country. The promises of co-operation were many and were well kept.

At the anniversary of the Freedmen's Missions Aid Society, the Singers were advertised as one of the attractions, and the hall was much too small to hold all who came. Lord Shaftesbury presided. The venerable Dr. Moffat was among the speakers, and eloquently testified to the renewed hope he had for Africa as he listened to the Jubilee Singers. He had been "holding his tiny rushlight amidst the desolations of that continent, and holding it with the feeling that his efforts were almost futile." But as he thought of the trained missionaries who might yet be raised up among the emancipated slaves of America, he saw light ahead. Here again the "John Brown" song electrified the audience. As the stirring refrain rang out,

> "John Brown died that the slave might be free!"

the dense audience rose to their feet, hats and hand-

kerchiefs waved in the air, and the deafening applause was kept up until the Singers answered with "God Save the Queen."

The American Missionary Association had always taken strong ground against the use of liquors and tobacco. The National Temperance League therefore looked upon the Singers as allies in its work, and gave them a cordial welcome to their annual *soirée* at the Cannon Street Terminus Hotel. Such was the eagerness to hear them, after they had filled the parts assigned them on the programme, that the other exercises were shortened to give them more time for singing.

At the great annual fête of the League at the Crystal Palace in July, the free use of the opera-house was tendered to the Singers for a concert, and all the advertising was done for them by the Committee, without charge. The great event of this occasion, which was attended by thousands of excursionists from all parts of the kingdom, was the concert given in the central transept, by a choir of five thousand children, under the management of Mr. Frederick Smith. The audience was immense. At the close of the programme the Jubilees came upon the platform and sang one or two songs. One of them of course was "John Brown;" and at the last verse Mr. Smith suddenly rapped up his army of singers to join in the chorus. The effect was very fine, and the song closed with round after round of long-continued applause.

These occasions, however, added little to the Jubilee Fund, valuable as they were in the way of

advertising for their future work. The best method of raising money was, in fact, a perplexing question. Friends generally advised free concerts with collections at the close. But experience with this plan in America was not at all encouraging. And, with one or two exceptions, in the few cases where it was tried, the collection did not usually yield them more than one-half as much as would have been received if the same audience had paid the common price for tickets. One of these exceptions was a concert of a semi-private character, planned by Dr. Allon, and given in his chapel at Islington. Special cards of invitation were sent out, on which the mission of the Singers was explained, and the fact stated that a contribution would be taken up for their work. Of this concert Dr. Allon wrote to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher: "The desire to hear them was so great that three times the number of tickets printed were applied for. There was a great and most enthusiastic crowd. The collection produced about £80. Since then the interest in them has been growing, and they will certainly have a hearty reception now that they are about to visit the provincial cities and towns of the kingdom. Their songs produce a strange, weird effect. Notwithstanding the occasional dash of negro familiarity and quaintness of expression, they are full of religious earnestness and pathos, and one loses all sense of oddity in the feeling of real and natural piety. It will greatly help them that their performance is such as the most fastidious will not hesitate to welcome in our churches."

Dr. Allon's high standing, both as a Christian minister and as an editor of works to promote the service of song in the churches, gave to his testimony special value.

The singing in the Nonconformist churches being generally congregational, there seemed to be no opportunity for the Singers to take that special part in the Sabbath services to which they had become so much accustomed in America, and in which it was believed that they had done no little good. An invitation from Rev. Newman Hall, therefore, to sing at his morning service in Surrey Chapel was specially welcome as opening the way to such work. They were seated near the pulpit, and their singing both before and after the sermon seemed to be regarded by the congregation as everyway befitting the Lord's house and its worship.

There were special reasons why it would be better to give concerts in public halls, where the people of all denominations could meet on a common footing and with equal interest in the work. But it was foreseen that it would often be impossible to secure suitable assembly-rooms of this sort. And as it was by no means common to open even Nonconformist Chapels to gatherings where an admission-fee was charged, Mr. Hall was again of timely service to the company by his offer of Surrey Chapel to them for a paid concert. A crowded audience attended, and the precedent thus established was of much value.

Concerts were given in these days at St. James's Hall and other places of repute for first-class enter-

tainments. But the expenses were so large as to eat up most of the receipts. The concerts in chapels paid better, enlisting as they did, in the case of strong city churches, a corps of co-workers in the congregation who were usually sure to fill the house.

The most notable of these was the one given in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Mr. Spurgeon had signified, in his hearty way, his interest in their mission, and had tendered them the use of his large church. The Sunday previous to the concert they attended service there, and at the close tarried to shake hands with the great preacher. While waiting their turn in the room adjoining that where Mr. Spurgeon receives his visitors, some of the people present asked for a song. The Singers with tender and earnest feeling sang, "O brothers, don't stay away." They had scarcely finished when Mr. Spurgeon summoned them into his room. He had heard the song, and was so won by it that he wanted them to attend the evening service and repeat it there.

"I do not know whether you will approve or not," he said to his people in commencing the service, "but it seems to me it is the right thing, and I will take the risk. After the morning service I heard the Jubilee Singers sing a piece, 'O brothers, don't stay away, for my Lord says there's room enough in the heavens for you.' I found tears coming in my eyes; and, looking at my deacons, I found theirs very moist too. That song suggested my text and my sermon to-night.

Now, as a part of the sermon, I am going to ask them to sing it, for they preach in the singing; and may the Spirit of God send home this word to some to-night—some who may remember their singing if they forget my preaching."

Then followed the singing, so clear and strong as to reach every person in the great audience of five or six thousand people, and Mr. Spurgeon preached with great effect from the text, "It is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room." In giving notice of the concert on Wednesday, he added the exhortation, "O brothers, don't stay away." And his counsel was well heeded. It was advertised that the doors would be open at seven o'clock, but long before that the crowds about the gates were such that it was necessary to open them to avoid blockading the street, and the attendance was estimated at seven thousand. Every song, with the inspiration and enthusiasm of such an audience, was a triumph.

At the close Mr. Spurgeon said: "Now our friends are going to Scotland, and I have told them to come here and hold their first concert when they return to London. They have come to Great Britain to raise £6,000: they will do it; and if they want £6,000 more, let them come back to this country again, and we will give it to them."

CHAPTER VIII.

A BUSY WINTER, AND ITS RESULTS.

THE Singers had spent over three months in London, and arrangements were now made for a tour in Scotland, with a visit to a few of the larger cities on the way.

Hull, the birthplace of Wilberforce, was reached, by a pleasant coincidence, on the first of August, the anniversary of emancipation in the British colonies. Here it was decided to try the plan adopted at Dr. Allon's chapel in Islington, and find how it would work in the provinces. Fifteen hundred invitations to a concert in the Hope Street Chapel were sent out to those most likely to be interested. The collection, which seemed a very large one to the friends who had charge of the arrangements, amounted to about £52. When it was explained that not less than £100 ought to be realised from each evening's work, if the mission to Great Britain was to be a success, some of the good friends insisted on another trial, with an admission-fee. When the time came, Hengler's Cirque, in spite of a rainy evening, and to the delight of all, was crowded, and the receipts were £140.

Sitting by his window at the hotel in Hull on Sunday evening, and noting the tide of people flowing idly by, Mr. White proposed an extempore religious service for their benefit. Taking the base of the King William monument as a platform, Mr. Pike preached and the Singers sang of the love of Christ, to a crowd that filled the street farther than the voice of either speaker or singer could be heard. Tears trickled down the cheeks of many to whom the sound of prayer or religious song was apparently almost unknown.

In Scarborough, a free concert yielded a collection of about £90, and on Sunday the Singers sang, in a heavy rain, to a Sunday-school gathering of four thousand people on the green. At Newcastle, Rev. H. T. Robjohns had so thoroughly worked up the public interest that every seat was sold before it was time for the concert to commence. At Sunderland, Moody and Sankey had been holding meetings not long before, at the beginning of what afterwards became such a famous work, and the special interest thus awakened in religious song prepared the way for the Singers. Hon. J. Candlish, M.P., presided, the ministers of the different denominations were advertised as patrons, and the large Victoria Hall was filled before many who wished to attend could obtain admission.

Lord Shaftesbury, with characteristic kindness and foresight, had given the Singers a cordial letter of introduction to his friend, John Burns, Esq., of the Cunard Steamship Line, at Glasgow. Mr. Burns's sympathies were at once awakened, and he arranged

for a garden party at Castle Wemyss, his residence on Wemyss Bay. Invitations were sent out to four hundred persons of prominence and influence in the west of Scotland; and Lord Shaftesbury, who was also present, made a very effective appeal for their co-operation in promoting the mission of the Singers.

To crown these helpful efforts to forward their work in Scotland, his Lordship placed in Mr. Pike's hands, before their departure from Castle Wemyss, letters of introduction to the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Their contents were at that time unknown. Least of all was it suspected that they contained a proposal that the authorities of Glasgow and Edinburgh should vote a welcome to the Singers, and bring them before the public under the auspices of the "Lord Provost, the magistrates, and the Town Council" of these two leading cities! Reports of this gathering at Castle Wemyss had prominent place in the daily papers, kindling a general desire to hear the Singers.

A series of successful concerts followed. At Largs the pastor of the Established (Presbyterian) Church set a desirable precedent by opening his church for a concert with an admission-fee. The city authorities at Greenock gave the Singers the use of the Town Hall, which holds two thousand people. It was densely crowded on two evenings with audiences as sympathetic and enthusiastic as could be desired.

With the enterprise so well launched as it was when the Singers left London, it was not thought necessary for Rev. Mr. Powell to remain longer, and he returned to America, to look after the interests of the

American Missionary Association in the field for which Mr. Pike was the District Secretary. To strengthen the working force in the business management, Mr. J. Hamilton Halley, grandson of the well-known and venerated Rev. Dr. Halley, was engaged for a time. But he brought to the work such energy, tact, and appreciative sympathy that his services have been retained ever since.

As this was the season when many of the people of the larger towns in Scotland were at the summer resorts, it was decided to pay a short visit to Ireland. Letters from Mr. Burns, and the endorsement of the Hon. George H. Stuart, who is held in high regard in that country of his birth, prepared the people to welcome them. Dr. Henry, President of Queen's College, presided at the first concert in Ulster Hall, Belfast, and Rev. William Johnson, the Moderator of the General Assembly, aided heartily in the subsequent work there. At Londonderry their welcome accorded with the historic fame of that old, liberty-loving town, so foremost in Protestant zeal and good works.

Returning to Scotland, they were met with the announcement that the authorities of Glasgow had acted upon Lord Shaftesbury's suggestion, and voted to invite them to give a concert at the City Hall under their official patronage. Looking backward to the bondage and ostracism that was still so fresh in their memory, such a thing, in that great city of 500,000 people, seemed almost incredible. The City Hall was full. The Lord Provost presided, and beside him, on the platform,

sat the magistrates and leading clergymen of the city. The Singers were eager to do their best, and the Lord Provost in his closing remarks declared that he "never attended a more delightful meeting."

Their reception at Edinburgh was equally hearty and inspiring. The authorities gave them a vote of welcome. The Lord Provost presided at their first concert, and afterwards gave a dinner party in their honour at his own residence. At Paisley a most helpful friend was found in Sir Peter Coats, whose name as a thread manufacturer is a household word throughout the world, but whose highest praise where he is personally known is his Christian philanthropy. He entertained the Singers at his country house on the banks of the "bonny Doon," piloted them on visits to the many places of historic and poetic interest in that vicinity, attended personally to the preliminary arrangements for and presided at their concert. At Kilmarnock, Ayr, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, and other towns, concerts were given that were a series of triumphs. Many presents were made in money and books for the University, and the people everywhere vied with each other in showing a most gracious hospitality.

From the first the Jubilee music was more or less of a puzzle to the critics; and even among those who sympathised with their mission there was no little difference of opinion as to the artistic merit of their entertainments. Some could not understand the reason for enjoying so thoroughly as almost every one did these simple, unpretending songs. This criticism led to the publication, by Mr. Colin Brown,

Ewing Lecturer on Music in the Andersonian University, Glasgow, of a series of articles, analysing this style of music, in which he said: "The highest triumph of art is to be natural. The singing of these strangers is so natural that it does not at once strike us how much of true art is in it, and how careful and discriminating has been the training bestowed upon them by their accomplished instructor and leader, who, though retiring from public notice, deserves great praise. Like the Swedish melodies of Jenny Lind, it gives a new musical idea. It has been well remarked that in some respects it disarms criticism, in others it may be truly said that it almost defies it. It was beautifully described by a simple Highland girl — 'It filled my whole heart!' The richness and purity of tone, both in melody and harmony, the contrast of light and shade, the varieties of gentleness and grandeur in expression, and the exquisite refinement of the piano, as contrasted with the power of the forte, fill us with delight, and at the same time make us feel how strange it is that these unpretending singers should come over here to teach us what is the true refinement of music, make us feel its moral and religious power."

The labours of the Singers in connection with the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey were one of the most memorable features of this visit to the North. They first met the evangelists at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and for some days lent daily assistance in the great work. Their songs were found to be especially adapted to help on the revival. One incident in connection with one of the noonday prayer

meetings, of which Mr. Moody often spoke afterwards, cannot be better told than in the words of Rev. Mr. Robjohns: "The Jubilee Singers had been specially prayed for. A moment's pause, and there went up in sweet, low notes a chorus as of angels. None could tell where the Singers were—on the floor, in the gallery, or in the air. The crowd was close, and the Singers—wherever they were—were sitting. Every one was thrilled, for this was the song they sang,—

> 'There are angels hovering round
> To carry the tidings home.'

The notes are before us as we write, simple enough,—the words too; but one should hear the Jubilees sing them. It was like a snatch of angelic song heard from the upper air as a band of celestials passed swiftly on an errand of mercy." And he adds: "Nor are these all our obligations to our beloved friends. They have gone in and out the churches, Sunday-schools, and mission-rooms, singing for Jesus. Such services to souls and Christ have opened wide the people's hearts, and the Jubilees have just walked straight in, to be there enshrined for evermore."

In the great work at Edinburgh, also, the Singers rendered special assistance, sometimes taking part in as many as six meetings a day—prayer meetings, inquiry meetings, Bible readings, preaching services, etc. On one Sunday evening Mr. Moody preached, and they sang, to an audience of between six and seven thousand working-people, gathered by special cards of invitation in the Corn Exchange, which was

followed by an inquiry meeting, at which some seven hundred asked for prayer.

After the engagements of the Singers took them away from Mr. Moody, missionary and revival meetings were frequently held on Sundays ; and at them and at Sunday-school gatherings Mr. Dickerson and Mr. Rutling—as well as Mr. White and Mr. Pike—often made addresses.

January brought a very whirl of work and a harvest of money, in connection with the campaign through the midland counties. Wherever the Singers went they met crowded houses at their concerts. Many subscriptions were made to furnish rooms, at a cost of £10 each, in Jubilee Hall. Mr. Frederick Priestman, though carrying the cares of an extensive business of his own, interested himself in perfecting arrangements for a private concert at Bradford, which was so well worked-up that it yielded £150, Sir Titus Salt, who was unable to be present, sending £25. Under the patronage of Rev. Eustace Conder and Edward Baines, Esq., M.P., the first concert at Leeds, in a pecuniary point of view, was the most successful one so far that had been given in the kingdom. At Halifax, John Crossley, Esq., M.P., the great carpet manufacturer, pledged a supply of carpets for Jubilee Hall. One of the results of a second visit to Hull was the presentation, for the library of the University, of a fine oil portrait of Wilberforce, purchased through a subscription by the citizens, a memento of the Jubilee work that will always be held in high regard. The Hon. John Bright was absent from home when the Singers visited

Rochdale, but his family subscribed £10 to furnish a room to bear his name; and he afterwards wrote a letter commending their mission as "one deserving of all support," which went the rounds of the papers and was of much help to them. At Bolton, J. P. Barlow, Esq., gave £50 for five rooms, one of them to be named after President Charles G. Finney, of Oberlin College, in remembrance of his evangelistic labours during a great revival in that town years before.

At Manchester they were fortunate in enlisting the services of Mr. Richard Johnson, the apostle of ragged schools. No town was ever before more thoroughly ploughed with advertising and sown with information, and such work never yielded a better harvest. The proceeds of the four concerts in the Free-Trade Large Hall amounted to over £1,200. This sum was further swollen by the sale of the books giving the history of their first American campaign, the profit on these sales in one evening being £40. Three concerts followed in the Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool, with large receipts, the first one yielding £325. The total receipts of the month of January amounted to £3,800.

But this success was achieved at the cost of an appalling amount of work. Requests for concerts flowed in from all parts of the kingdom. It was impossible to comply with half of them, and the investigation involved in deciding where to go was an exhausting strain on time and strength. A vast amount of correspondence was unavoidable in replying to invitations to breakfasts, dinners, and teas,

and in answering the many requests that came for concerts for the benefit of schools, churches, asylums, and charities of every sort. Much thought had to be given to the preparation of newspaper notices and other advertising, and much time had to be spent in enlisting the interest and assistance of those whose patronage would be valuable. Adding to all this the incessant demands in meeting the thousand details of concert management and hotel arrangements, and the watchful guidance of the Singers in this new life to which they were so unused, it is no wonder that one after another of the working force broke down under the load.

Miss Gilbert, whose labours had been as incessant as they were invaluable, was taken very ill, and obliged to give up all work. Mr. Pike, who had been doing the work of two men, succumbed next to serious nervous prostration, and had scarcely settled down for the rest that was imperatively necessary, when Mr. Halley gave way under the load that he was carrying, and was forbidden by his medical adviser to give any further attention whatever to business.

Mr. White was thus left alone. His lungs were weak, and the heavy fogs and the night-work were telling seriously upon them. And at this juncture came word that his wife, whose health had not been good, and who, with her children, was in lodgings in Glasgow, was ill. Yet as the gross income of the concerts at that time was averaging £200 a night, and it seemed to be so manifestly "now or never" with their mission, he felt that it was his duty

to keep on, at whatever sacrifice of personal feelings or strength, with the work. But a few days after he received intelligence that impressed him with the conviction that his wife, who had been taken with typhoid fever, was more seriously ill than he supposed. Hurrying to her bedside, he reached it less than two days before she died. She had been a valued teacher with him at Fisk before their marriage; and her death, which would have been a terrible blow at any time, in these peculiar circumstances of his health and work was unspeakably trying. A loss of sleep and appetite followed which so reduced his strength that he was finally obliged to give up work. And in the midst of this prostration he was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, and for some time seemed to be lying at the very gates of death.

These facts becoming known to friends interested in the work, offers of assistance were numerous, and by relying largely on volunteer help the Singers were able to go on and fill all their appointments.

At Sheffield, Derby, Wolverhampton, Norwich, Ipswich, Cambridge, Leicester, Nottingham, Birmingham, and other cities, the experiences of January were repeated in crowded audiences, generous contributions, and the good cheer of true English hospitality.

There was a large harvest still ungathered when the time drew near that had been fixed for their return to America. But circumstances were such, especially the health of those who had the charge of the work, that a longer stay than was originally proposed was impracticable.

A trip to the south of Wales, with concerts at Newport, Cardiff, Merthyr Tydvil, and Swansea, was followed by successful visits to Bristol, Southampton, Bath, Brighton, and a few other cities. Mr. Spurgeon, not forgetful of his farewell words when they left London, not only opened his Tabernacle to them for a second concert, but made one of his happiest addresses in connection with a present of a full set of his works for the library. The house was densely crowded, and the receipts exceeded even those of the first concert in the same place.

The closing concert was given in Exeter Hall, and yielded a larger sum than any other of the whole campaign in Great Britain. That stedfast friend, the Earl of Shaftesbury, presided. Dr. Allon, whose counsels had been of great value to them from the beginning, gave the audience some account of the winter's work. Nearly £10,000 had been raised for Jubilee Hall, aside from special gifts for the purchase of philosophical apparatus, and donations in money for the library, and of books from Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Motley, Dean Stanley, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Thomas Nelson, and many other friends.

Lord Shaftesbury, in his parting address, spoke with much feeling of the pleasure their visit had given the English people, and of the affection and respect in which they would always hold the Jubilee Singers. The Doxology was sung by the entire assembly, and his Lordship, amid the cheers of the audience, and in their behalf, bade them good-bye, shaking hands with each of the Singers as they left the platform.

To the Singers personally, aside from the financial success that had attended their work, the visit had been one of almost unalloyed satisfaction. They had been everywhere the object of hospitable attentions that, if they had any fault, were sometimes so urgent and abounding as to be wearisome, after the strain which their work made upon their energies. Few of them had suffered from sickness, and the shorter distances to be travelled, and the warmer temperature in winter, had made concert-work easier than in America. In no way were they ever offensively reminded, through look or word—unless by some rude American who was lugging his caste conceit through a European tour, or by a vagrant Englishman who had lived long enough in America to "catch" its colour prejudices—that they were black.

The Singers reached Nashville in time to attend the Commencement exercises. The trustees passed resolutions testifying to the interest and sympathy with which they had followed their career, to their industry and devotion in their work, and to the high honour they had achieved for themselves and their people, adding: "No one can estimate the vast amount of prejudice against the race which has perished under the spell of their marvellous music. Wherever they have gone they have proclaimed to the hearts of men in a most effective way, and with unanswerable logic, the brotherhood of the race."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECOND TRIP ABROAD.

In 1875 Fisk University completed its first decade. During the ten years thousands of young people had been gathered in its classes. Its students, in turn, had taught tens of thousands in Sabbath and day schools, communicating far and wide among the freed people its uplifting influences. It had conquered the respect of those who began by hating it. It had opened to the vision of vast numbers of coloured people new possibilities of Christian attainment and manly achievement. It had demonstrated the capacity of that despised race for a high culture. It had raised up the Jubilee Singers, who had done great things for their people in breaking down, by the magic of their song, the cruel prejudice against colour that was everywhere in America the greatest of all hindrances to their advancement; who had raised the money to buy a new site for the University, and erect on it a substantial and beautiful hall to take the place of the tottering hospital barracks; and who stood on the threshold of its second decade as its special and providential reliance in laying the foundation of its needed endowments.

This year was marked by several events of special interest. Hitherto the University had been without a President. Its work had been outlined and guided in its general features by the American Missionary Association. It was felt that the time had come when a capable President should take charge of it, supported by a fully-organised faculty. For this place, Rev. E. M. Cravath, M.A., was the unanimous first choice of its trustees and friends. More than any one else he had had the responsibility of its establishment; and, during his subsequent service for several years as Field Secretary of the Association, the burden of planning its work, and providing for its wants, had rested chiefly upon him. He had piloted it through a sea of difficulties, and to him it owed much of its success. Educated at anti-slavery Oberlin, and identified all his life with anti-slavery effort, he was felt to be specially adapted and providentially guided to the place. And as soon as events shaped so that he could well be spared from those duties, he resigned his secretaryship in the Association and entered upon the new work.

In 1875, also, the University graduated its first college class. It had taken some of them, ten years before, with little more than a knowledge of the alphabet, and carried them through extended preparatory studies and a thorough classical course, to the point where a rigid examination awarded them the degree of B.A. At graduation one was chosen instructor in the University, and others found responsible positions awaiting them as teachers in the City Schools at Nashville and Memphis. Two were

the sons of an unlettered freed woman, who had consecrated every spare dollar of her hard earnings, for these ten years, to aid her boys in getting an education. It was a proud hour for her when they stepped upon the stage to receive their diplomas—a scene that it would have done the heart of every contributor to Fisk University good to see.

The completion and occupancy of Jubilee Hall was another of the important events of 1875. Both in its architectural appearance and substantial construction of the most durable materials, as well as in its admirable adaptation to the permanent uses of the University, it is all that could be desired. Its walls are of brick, with stone foundations and facings; every part of the work upon it has been done in the most thorough manner, and it is believed to be the best building of its kind in the Southern States. Crowning a commanding eminence overlooking the capital city of Tennessee and the beautiful encircling valley of the Cumberland, it stands, not only an enduring and most fitting monument to the toils and triumphs of the Jubilee Singers and to the sympathy and generosity shown them by the Christian public on both sides of the Atlantic, but a perpetual inspiration to the freed people as they struggle out of the slough of ignorance and social proscription in which emancipation found them.

But the very success of these years had increased the demands upon the University faster than it had supplied the means of meeting them. It had achieved results that demonstrated the necessity of its existence and guaranteed its permanence. But

its needs were greater than ever. Its new site, and the new hall standing upon it, was simply the solid foundation for future growth, and it was entirely without the means, within itself, of supporting, to say nothing of enlarging, its work. Money was urgently needed for endowments from which to provide for the support of teachers and to aid earnest, struggling students to educate themselves for Christian work as teachers and ministers of the Gospel. In the poverty of the freed people the revenue from tuition fees could be but a trifle at the best, compared with its expenses.

The continual financial pressure in the United States caused a serious shrinkage in the receipts of the American Missionary Association. Many who were wont to give liberally to such objects were unable to do so longer. Urged by these pressing necessities, and convinced that God pointed out the way by His providences, the Jubilee Singers, after a few months of rest, again took the field. Mr. White's health was still so seriously impaired that it was impossible for him to undertake such exhausting work as was involved in the entire care of a concert campaign, and Prof. T. F. Seward, of New York, the well-known composer, who first wrote down the Jubilee Songs, and had been deeply interested in the work, was fortunately secured to share the labour.

A series of concerts was given during the winter and spring in the larger cities of the North, preliminary to another tour abroad. Some of them were very successful, but the net receipts of the winter's work were not large. The "times" were hard; the

weather was unusually cold and unfavourable; and rival companies, some of whom appropriated not only the name, but even the testimonials belonging to the Jubilee Singers, had taken the field, and, to a considerable extent, had trampled down the harvest where they had not the ability to gather it.

On May 15th the company, consisting of the ten members whose names and photographs are inserted elsewhere, sailed for England in the Cunard steamer *Algeria*. It was a sign of progress that more than one steamship line, which had refused them cabin accommodation two years before, offered reduced rates if they would accept them now. Mr. White accompanied them, to give, so far as his health would permit, the counsel and assistance which his previous experience made so valuable, and Pres. Cravath followed in the autumn to take charge of the general interests of the enterprise, and to reinforce the working force when the heavy drafts of the busy season began.

The announcement that they would be present and sing a few of their slave-songs at the annual meeting of the Freedmen's Missions Aid Society, in the City Temple, London, Monday evening, May 31st, was to many of their friends the first news of their return from America; but it was news that travelled quickly, and it drew an audience that not only packed every inch of space in that capacious church, but filled the large lecture hall below with an overflow meeting.

So great was the gathering about the building that to get even to the doors was a formidable task,

and the chairman, Lord Shaftesbury, was delayed some minutes in reaching the platform by the difficulty of penetrating the dense crowd that filled the corridors. In ascending the stand his eye caught sight of the Singers in the gallery, whom he greeted with a cordial salutation, and in his remarks on taking the chair he said: "I am delighted to see so large a congregation of the citizens of London come to offer a renewal of their hospitality to these noble brethren and sisters of ours, who are here to-night to charm us with their sweet songs. They have returned here, not for anything in their own behalf, but to advance the interests of the coloured race in America, and then to do what in them lies to send missionaries of their own colour to the nations spread over Africa. When I find these young people, gifted to an extent that does not often fall to the lot of man, coming here in such a spirit, I don't want them to become white, but I have a strong disposition myself to become black. [Great applause.] If I thought colour was anything—if it brought with it their truth, piety, and talent, I would willingly exchange my complexion to-morrow. In the name of this vast mass of British citizens, and, I may say, in behalf of thousands and tens of thousands who are absent, we receive them with joy again to our shores, and will do all that in us lies to advance their holy cause; and, besides our prayers and hospitality, we will do as Joseph did to his brethren, send them back loaded with all the good things of Egypt." Rev. Dr. Parker re-echoed these words

of welcome in an eloquent address, and the occasion could not have been more of an ovation to the Singers than if it had been planned for that purpose.

The next evening they gave their opening concert to a large and very enthusiastic audience in Exeter Hall, with an address full of a genuine English welcome from the chairman, Rev. Ll. D. Bevan.

At this time Messrs. Moody and Sankey were in the midst of their great work in London. The Singers had not been in the city an hour before a request came from Mr. Moody, that they would take part in the service that afternoon at the Haymarket Opera-house. The next day he desired them to sit on the platform, and sing "Steal Away" after the sermon. That remarkable series of meetings at the West End was drawing to a close. The house was packed in every part with an audience representing much of the wealth and rank of London; upon whom Mr. Moody urged the claims of Christ in a discourse of peculiar tenderness and power. At its close the great congregation bowed, with tearful faces, in silent prayer. Soon the soft, sweet strains of "Steal Away" rose from the platform, swelling finally into a volume of conquering song that seemed to carry the great audience heavenward as on angels' wings. The effect could not have been happier had the song been written for the sermon, or the sermon for the song.

Thereafter their services were in almost constant demand in the London meetings. For several weeks they declined nearly all applications for concerts, in

order that they might be free for this work. After Messrs. Moody and Sankey had closed their services at Bow-Road Hall to go to Camberwell, the meetings were continued at the former place, with preaching each night by the Rev. Mr. Aitken or Mr. Henry Varley, and singing by the Jubilee choir. The attendance was so large, on week-day as well as on Sunday evenings, that hundreds were sometimes turned away, even after a congregation of ten or twelve thousand had crowded into the hall.

After these meetings closed. Mr. Aitken gave them a letter testifying to his misgivings at first in employing in such a work an agency that might seem so sensational, but cordially declaring that his misgivings were quite at fault, and that he should carry away most pleasing recollections of their work together. In recognition of their services in these meetings, a subscription of over five hundred pounds was made for Fisk University by a few members of the committee having the meetings in charge. Mr Moody gave them an open letter to his friends everywhere, warmly commending their mission; and before leaving the country purchased and presented to each of the party a duplicate of that copy of Bagster's Bible, whose almost constant use in his meetings he has made so famous and popular.

Nothing could have better prepared the way for their special work, nothing could have better prepared them for it, than these revival labours. The religious papers carried reports of the meetings throughout the kingdom, and wherever they went thereafter the great Christian heart of England gave them a specially fraternal greeting.

During July and August, months usually unfavourable to concert receipts, their appointments at various places in Wales and the South of England drew, generally, good audiences. It was, however, after the fall work began in Scotland that it was most manifest how wide-spread and hearty was the interest with which their return was awaited. Applications for concerts poured in from every quarter of the kingdom. Full houses met them everywhere. At Inverness, where they appeared under the patronage of the Provost Magistrate and other leading citizens, the Music Hall was much too small to accommodate the eager crowds that thronged the doors on two successive evenings.

At Aberdeen, Lord Kintore was active in efforts to make their visit a great success. At Dundee, Provost Cox presided at their concert, and the receipts were larger than on their first visit to that city in the high tide of enthusiasm two years before. At the first concert in Glasgow, given in the Kibble Crystal Palace, the receipts for tickets and the profits on the sale of books for the one evening amounted to nearly £325. At Edinburgh, where the chair was taken on one evening by Lord-Provost Falshaw, hundreds were turned away from the doors of the Music Hall, even after all standing-room had been exhausted.

The religious effect of their concert-work was never more gratifying nor manifest. Several of their new songs, particularly, seemed to have a peculiar power in reaching the hearts of their audiences. After one of the concerts in Glasgow, an unknown friend placed £15 in the hands of one of the Singers, as a contri-

bution to their fund, accompanied with the request that they would sing "I've been Redeemed" at every concert they should give in Great Britain. Their singing of this and other hymns at the Glasgow Evangelistic Conference, in October, was spoken of in all reports as one of the special attractions of that inspiring meeting.

Religious meetings with the Sunday-school children, on Saturday or Sunday, came to be, also, a common and important feature of their work. Admission was always given by free tickets, previously distributed to a certain proportion of teachers and scholars; and the exercises consisted of singing, alternated with short addresses. At Aberdeen, 4,000 teachers and scholars filled the Music Hall, at nine on Sunday morning; and over 5,000 gathered in the Drill Hall, Edinburgh, at ten o'clock, on a Saturday. Both, like others of lesser numbers, were occasions of sweet and solemn interest that will be long remembered.

And so every week added to the assurance that they were doing good as they sang, as well as to the hope that they might take back to the University £10,000 as the result of their second visit to Great Britain.

CHAPTER X.

PERSONAL HISTORIES OF THE SINGERS.

THE *children* who were set free by the abolition of slavery in the United States occupy a position in which no other generation, of any colour, or in any land, were ever placed before. Behind them are all the disabilities and cruelties of that bondage in which their lives began. Before them are all the possibilities of culture, distinction, and usefulness that are open to the citizens of one of the foremost nations of the earth. This fact adds a peculiar interest to the personal histories of the Jubilee Singers.

With the misguidances and limitations of their early life such as they were—and it would not be possible to give any one an adequate idea of them who has not stood face to face with them—the readiness with which the Singers met the new social demands that were made upon them in their work, was as remarkable as the quiet modesty and self-possession with which they received the attentions and honours that came so suddenly to them. It was a dizzy change from a breakfast of hominy and bacon in a slave-cabin, to dinners in the mansions

of the wealthy and receptions in the drawing-rooms of the nobility. But their heads were not turned by it. They may feel more at home on the concert platform than they did at first, but their manners there have remained as natural and unaffected—as free from professional "airs," as if they had never sung outside their own schoolroom.

To some of them it has been a daily regret that they had to surrender their school advantages as they did. But they have made that good as well as they could by keeping up special studies and courses of reading, so far as the disadvantages of their nomad life year after year would allow.

Every member of the company is a professing Christian, one or two having been converted in connection with the religious influences that have by God's blessing ever attended the work. The unsectarian feature of the work at Fisk could not, perhaps, be better illustrated than by the fact that the singers represent in their church-membership five different denominations—the Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, and "Christian." Whenever the exigencies of hotel life or railway travel do not prevent, family worship is held each morning—a novelty to hotel servants usually, and a season of spiritual refreshment which friends who are occasionally present always refer to afterward with peculiar interest. None of the Singers use tobacco, and their English friends especially, whose kind hospitalities have been so abundant, are usually much surprised to find them all teetotallers.

At different times twenty-four persons in all have

belonged to the company. Twenty of these have been slaves, and three of the other four were of slave parentage. There is not room in this volume for even brief histories of all the twenty-four. Such have been selected as together give the truest idea of slavery as it was felt by the generation to which the Jubilee Singers belong; of the changes and difficulties to which emancipation introduced them; of the sympathy and assistance they need and deserve. The unembellished facts in the sketches that follow form a mosaic that brings out the dreadful pattern of slavery as no story or sermon could reproduce it.

ELLA SHEPPARD was born in Nashville, in February, 1851. Her father, while a slave, had hired his own time, and earned enough, in carrying on a livery stable, to buy his freedom, for which he paid $1,800.

His wife was owned by a family living in Mississippi, and soon after Ella's birth she returned to that State. The mother was worked so hard that the baby could have little attention, and nearly died of neglect. When it was fifteen months old, the father heard that it was very sick and not likely live. Going at once to Mississippi, he bought his own child for $350, and took it, ill as it was, home with him to Nashville. Afterward he tried to buy his wife, but her master refused to sell her. By and by they were entirely separated from one another. By the usage of slavery she was dead to him, and he married again.

His second wife was also a slave, and he pur-

chased her freedom, after their marriage, for $1,300. Free papers could not be executed without going to a free State. Before it was convenient to make a visit to Ohio for this purpose, he became embarrassed in his business.

Having bought his wife, she was legally his property, and as liable to be seized and sold for his debts as his horses were. He learned one night, through a friend, that some of his creditors were intending to take her for this purpose. Without waiting an hour, he hurried off to an out-of-the-way railway-station in the woods, some miles distant, and placed her on board the midnight train bound for Cincinnati. Soon after, he followed with his child, leaving all *the rest* of his property to his creditors, and beginning life anew, without a penny of his own, in Cincinnati.

Before they left Nashville, Ella's mother returned with her master's family to the city on a visit. The day before they were to leave they gave her permission to see her child for a few minutes. But when the time for parting came, the little one clung to her till every "gather" was torn from her dress, and the mother's expressions of grief were so agonising, that they gave her notice that she should never see the child again. After the proclamation of emancipation she found her way back to Nashville, and, hearing of Ella's whereabouts, sent to Cincinnati for her to come and see her, and they spent three months together.

In Cincinnati, Ella attended a coloured school, with frequent and sometimes prolonged absences on

account of poor health. When twelve or thirteen, she began to take lessons in music. But the sad and sudden death of her father by cholera, when she was but fifteen, broke up their home. All his property, of which he had again accumulated a considerable amount, including the piano he had given to Ella, went to pay the costs of unjust law-suits, and she and her stepmother were thrown entirely upon their resources. Often they were in great straits, and more than once Ella went to festivals where her services as a pianist were in demand, but went supperless, because there was nothing in the house to eat.

A friend, who had become acquainted with her musical abilities, offered to give her a thorough course of instruction as a music teacher, with the understanding that she was to repay him from her earnings whenever she was able to. Madame Rivi, an eminent teacher of Cincinnati, was engaged to give her instruction on the piano. She was the only coloured pupil, and the conditions on which she was taken were, that the arrangement should be kept secret, and that she should enter the house by the back way, and receive her lessons in a secluded room upstairs, between nine and ten at night.

The failure of her patron very soon broke up these plans. Being under the necessity of earning her own living, she accepted the offer of a school in Gallatin, Tennessee. Although she had thirty-five scholars, the remuneration was so small that she was able to save but six dollars from the term's

work. With this she went to Fisk University, where she was engaged in study and in work for self-support for about two years, when she was appointed one of the teachers of instrumental music. She aided in drilling the choir with which Mr. White gave the cantata of "Esther," and out of which the Jubilee Singers were organised. As the skilful pianist of the company, she has been with it in all its campaigns.

MAGGIE L. PORTER was born in Lebanon, Tennessee, in February, 1853. Her master was wealthy, owning some two hundred slaves, and, as her mother was a favourite house servant, she saw little of the harsher side of slavery in her childhood.

Not long before the war her master removed to Nashville, and there the President's proclamation, and the coming of the Union army, gave Maggie and her parents their freedom. When twelve years old she began to go to school. The next year she was one of the three hundred pupils that gathered in the old hospital barracks the first week the Fisk School was opened.

An older sister had been sent away to a plantation in Mississippi before the war, and it was not known what had become of her. The mother often talked of her—told how she looked, and what she did when she was with them, and speculated about her finding her way back to them in the tide of homeless freedmen that in those days ebbed and flowed through every Southern city. Day by day, as Maggie passed the railway-station on her way to school, she would

scan the passengers who got off the trains, to see if there was any one among them who answered her mother's description of her missing sister. But no such person ever appeared.

One day, when Maggie was alone at home, a woman came to the door inquiring for her mother, who was out at work. Maggie had been instructed to let no strangers in when she was thus left in charge of the house, and the visitor was refused admittance. When she at last declared she was her sister from Mississippi, Maggie would not believe her. And even her mother, when she met her, did not recognise her, she had changed so much in these years of absence. It was such a disappointment to the sister that she soon returned to Mississippi, and it was some time before she could get over the chill of this reception enough to come and make her home with her mother.

After the war her father was persuaded to try his fortunes with a company of freedmen going to Liberia. From the day he left, no word ever came back from him. On the first visit of the Singers to Great Britain, Maggie obtained the address of officials in Liberia who would be most likely to be able to find some clue to his fate, but they could learn nothing about him.

For two years Maggie was constant in her attendance at Fisk. Then when a call came from the Board of Education for teachers for country schools, Maggie, though scarcely fifteen, offered her services. She passed the required examination, and was appointed to a school at Bellevue, seventeen miles

from Nashville. She taught during the fall, and went home to spend the Christmas vacation—always a time of hilarity, and often of disorder, in that part of the country. Returning the first Monday of the New Year, she found nothing but a heap of ashes where her school-house had stood. It was probably burned—as the easiest method of getting rid of the school—by some of those who were so bitterly opposed to efforts for the elevation of the freedmen. Her next school was twelve miles south of Nashville. Here she taught in a rough log building. It had no window except a hole in one side, closed by a board shutter, and the seats were logs split in halves and set on sticks.

When Mr. White decided to prepare his student choir to give the cantata of "Esther," Maggie's fine voice marked her for the part of Queen Esther, which she rendered with a success that surprised and delighted every one. She has missed taking her part in but few of the concerts that the Jubilee Singers have given since their first appearance in Cincinnati almost four years ago.

The grandfather of JENNIE JACKSON was the slave and body-servant of General Andrew Jackson, President of the United States. He and his family were set free in General Jackson's will. Her father died before her recollection. Her mother had been a slave, but her mistress at her death gave her her freedom and some little property. This was before Jennie's birth, so that she was free-born.

But emancipated slaves were looked upon with

little favour by the slave-holders, and had few friends. Free coloured people were forbidden by law to associate with slaves, and white people would not keep their company. There were always those who were ready to wrong them; there were rarely any to take their part. So when the trustee in whose hands Mrs. Jackson placed the property that fell to Jennie's mother appropriated it to his own use, she found no redress. He even attempted to get possession of her "free papers," that he might destroy them and re-enslave her and her family. But she buried them secretly in her garden, and no promises, nor coaxings, nor threats could bring them from their hiding-place, so long as there was danger that harm might come to them.

With so little in the old home to make it seem like home to them, when Jennie was three years old, her mother removed with her four young children from Kingston, Tennessee, to Nashville. In their poverty and friendlessness, it was necessary for the children to help in earning their own living whenever work could be found for them. While but a child herself, Jennie went out to service as a nurse girl. When fourteen or fifteen she came home to help her mother, who was working as a laundress.

As yet she had never had a chance to go to school at all. It was while spending the forenoons over the wash-tub, and her afternoons in a freedmen's school, that she learned her letters. By and by she entered the Fisk school. But her mother's health gave way, and the family earnings were not large enough to allow her to study at all steadily. When

their money was all gone, she would leave school and go to work until some more was saved up, and she could return to her studies. She paid for her tuition by service in Mr. White's family out of school hours, and took in washing during vacations.

From childhood she had a fine voice, and delighted in singing. But her mother, with judgment as rare as it was wise, and with what seems now almost like prophetic foresight, steadily refused to allow her to sing in choirs, or on other occasions where there would be danger of overstraining her voice, or to let her take lessons in vocal culture from teachers who might do it harm. "Save your voice and you may have a chance to do some good with it some day," she would say. But it surely had not entered into that unlettered freedwoman's heart to conceive how *much* good it was to do to the thousands whom it has stirred with Christian song on both sides of the sea.

Jennie was one of the girls chosen by Mr White to sing a solo at his first concert in Nashville, and she has been with the Jubilee Singers in all their work since they first left home in 1871.

JULIA JACKSON was born a slave in St. Louis, but in what year she does not know, as their master kept their ages. Her parents belonged to different owners, but before marriage they bargained with their masters for their time, secretly agreeing to save all they could and buy their freedom as soon as possible. Her mother's master lived out of town and came in daily to his business. She agreed tc

pay him $15 a month for her time, and in addition to furnish him his dinner each day, providing whatever he should order. He was fond of good living, and these dinners sometimes drew largely on her savings. She took in washing, and worked early and late, from Monday morning till Saturday night. But with $5 a month to be paid for house rent, and their own food and clothing to buy, their little hoard for the purchase of their freedom grew but slowly.

Children came, and as they grew old enough to run about, the mother took great care to keep them out of her master's sight, lest he should some day take a fancy to sell them from her.

After several years of this overwork and anxiety, her health gave way, and her friends thought she would die. She had laid up $900, and it was determined to take this and buy the children, if possible. Her master had repeatedly declared that none of his slaves should purchase their freedom, and so a trusty friend was commissioned to make the bargain, as if buying them for himself. After much delay their master finally agreed to sell the three children for $900 and throw in their mother, as she was not expected to live.

After the papers were signed and the money paid he repented of his bargain, and would gladly have broken it if he could. The mother no sooner began to breathe free air into free lungs, than she began to get better, and is still living. Afterwards she bought her own mother, then ninety years old, for $100, and furnished her husband another $100 to

complete the payment of $1,000, for which he was promised his freedom.

Julia remained with her mother till she was seven years old, and then went to live with an aunt who hired her own time of her master. Her uncle one day incautiously avowed his intention to run away, and he was hurried to the slave-mart, where Julia saw him sold from the auction-block to be sent South. They never heard of him again.

Her aunt was charged by her owner with intending to run away also. She had had no such purpose; but he gave her a week in which to settle up her accounts with her customers, for whom she did washing, intending then to take her to his place in the country, where she would have fewer facilities for running away than in St. Louis. But before the week expired he found that she had taken the money which she was owing him on her time, and had acted on the suggestion which he had given her, and successfully made her escape.

After this, Julia went out to service for a while, getting at first but $5 a month; and then lived for a time with her aunt in her fugitive concealment in Chicago. She had learned her letters when a child in Sunday-school, and hearing of the advantages for getting an education at Fisk University, determined to go there and prepare to become a teacher. Her mother aided her in paying her way, and as soon as she had made sufficient progress she spent her vacation in teaching a country school. She found the schoolroom almost unfurnished, and made forms with her own hands for the accommoda-

tion of her pupils. In connection with her work, she organised and conducted a Sunday-school. When she joined the Jubilee Singers, in 1872, she was engaged in preparing for the graduating exercises of the normal course.

GEORGIA GORDON'S grandmother, on her mother's side, was a white woman of Scotch-Irish ancestry, who married her own slave. Or rather they lived together in fidelity as man and wife, the statutes of the State forbidding the intermarriage of whites and blacks according to the forms of law. They had a large family of children, who, following by slave law the condition of the mother, were free-born.

Georgia's mother inherited much of the traditional Scotch-Irish capacity and sturdiness of character. Beginning by cutting and making dresses for her dolls, she became, even while a girl, a self-taught but capable seamstress and dressmaker. She grew up without school advantages; but at church one day, the text, which was the first verse of the gospel of St. John, specially attracted her interest, and she committed it to memory. On reaching home she took the Bible and got some one who could read to find this verse for her. Picking out the words one by one, she learned them all by sight. Then she searched the Bible for words like them. Little by little she got the clue to new words. And so, unaided, and unknown to any one else, she learned to read.

Marrying a slave, she was able by her trade as a dressmaker, not only to earn a living for her family

and send her children to school, but she also hired her husband's time of his mistress for more than his wages would amount to, that they might all live together in their own home.

Georgia was born in Nashville, in September, 1855. She began to attend the Fisk School very soon after it was opened, and would have entered its Freshman class in 1872 had she not laid aside her studies that year to join the Jubilee Singers, with whom she has been engaged ever since. She is still hoping that it may not be too late for her to return and finish the course after the Singers shall have accomplished their work of raising funds for the endowment of the University.

The father of AMERICA W. ROBINSON was the son, by a slave-woman, of his own master, who belonged to one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Virginia. The child of the bond-woman was kindly treated and taught to read by his master's family, to whom his relationship was no secret. But when there came a shrinkage in their fortune, he was sold, that his more fortunate half-brothers and sisters might keep as much of their old ease and luxury as could be purchased with the money paid for him by the slave-trader.

His new owner lived near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and he married a slave woman, who, like himself, was part white. Here America was born, in January, 1855.

He was a good carpenter, and when the war broke out his master started a gun factory, and

set him to work making the stocks for the muskets that were turned out for the Southern army. His wife's mistress was hard-hearted and quick-tempered. Once or twice she attempted to chastise America's mother. But the slave-woman had just as much spirit and more strength than her mistress, and resisted punishment with such success that the latter was thereafter obliged to content herself, when enraged at their mother, with visiting her wrath upon the children. Once she struck America a blow that made a bleeding gash quite across the face. The children were so fair in complexion that their mistress sometimes talked of selling their mother, and adopting and bringing up America's brother as her own son. Afterwards she sold both mother and children to the man who owned America's father.

The neighbourhood of Murfreesboro was the scene of some of the hottest fighting of the war, and among America's early recollections is the remembrance of balls whistling into their yard, when the skirmishers of the two armies met in the town; of seeing men drop from their horses as the sharpshooters picked them off while they were riding through the streets; of the men wounded in the memorable battle of Stone River, who filled their little house, rebel and Federal side by side in the same room, their old enmity forgotten in their truce of pain and death.

In the changing fortunes of war the Union troops evacuated the town, and America's father seized the opportunity to go with them to freedom. By the

help of friendly soldiers his family made their escape from home unobserved, as they lay concealed in an army-waggon, and found their way to Nashville.

America was on hand to enter Fisk School the first day it was opened, and continued in attendance until the autumn of 1874. She taught school during the summer vacations to help support herself. She began to teach when but thirteen years old, and her first school numbered eighty-seven scholars. Afterwards she taught one numbering one hundred and fifty. On Sundays she superintended a Sabbath-school. Teaching four months each year, and studying eight, she was prepared to enter college in the first Freshman class admitted to the University, and would have received her diploma with the first class graduated had she not left her studies a few months before the close of the year to engage in the Jubilee work.

CHAPTER XI.

PERSONAL HISTORIES CONCLUDED.

THOMAS RUTLING'S early home was in Wilson County, Tennessee, where he was born in 1854. His father was sold away before his birth, and his family never heard from him afterward. His mother was in the habit of running away and hiding in the woods, in the hope of escaping from slavery. But it was never very long before she would be found, brought back, flogged, and set to work again. Whippings, however, proved of no avail, and she was finally sold and sent further south. Tom was then but two or three years old, and his earliest recollection is of parting with his mother—how he stood on the doorsteps as she kissed him and bade him good-bye, and how she cried as they dragged her away from her children. Two or three years afterward his mistress told him one day, as he was playing around the house, that they had heard from his mother. She had been whipped almost to death, probably for another attempt to obtain her freedom; and that was the last he has ever heard from her. He had an older brother and several sisters. Some of them were

also sold away, and he does not know where they are or whether they are alive.

His mistress treated him well in his childhood—as good treatment went in that system that separated families as if they were but a herd of sheep. He was kept at the house during the day to bring wood and water, and make himself useful in entertaining the children, and sent to the slave-quarters only at night. Once they discussed in his presence whether they would sell his brother, and he remembers how troubled both were, although they were very young, by the prospect of separation. Afterwards he heard his owner remark that he was sorry he did not sell him and put him in his pocket.

When he was eight years old, he was set to work in the field a part of the time—holding a plough that was about as tall as he was. The war had begun, and the other slaves told him he must listen sharp to what was said by the white folks, and report to them.

He was the table waiter, and when they had talked over the war-news his mistress would say to him, "Now, Tom, you mustn't repeat a word of this." Tom would look, to use his own expression, "mighty obedient;" but, somehow, every slave on the plantation would hear the news within an hour. There were sad faces when the Union troops were whipped, but there was singing all through the slave-quarters when the tidings came of Union victories.

One night the report of the proclamation of emancipation came. The next morning the children were

sitting in the slave-quarters at breakfast, when their young master rode up and told them they were free. They danced and sang for joy, and Tom, supposing he would have everything like his young master, decided at once what sort of a horse he would ride! They remained, however, on the plantation till 1865. Then having heard that their eldest sister was in Nashville, Tom and his brother started off to find her. While with her he learned his letters. Then he drifted about, working at one thing and another, until he became a pupil at Fisk, where he remained most of the time for several years until he went out with the Jubilee Singers, on the first organisation of the company. He has been with them steadily ever since.

FREDERICK J. LOUDIN is a native of Portage County, Ohio, where he was born in 1840. Though living in a free State, he was, from his earliest recollection, under the hateful shadow of slavery. The Northern States, though they had had the vitality to throw off the slave system earlier in their history, had still fostered the cruel prejudice in which the coloured people were held everywhere as the representatives of an enslaved race. In some respects, this ostracism was even more complete and unchristian in the free than in the slave States.

Loudin's father had accumulated some property, and had given generously, according to his means, for the endowment of a college a few miles from his home. But when he asked that one of his children might be admitted to the advantages of its prepara-

tory department, he was coolly informed that they did not receive coloured students. His farm was taxed for the support of the public schools, but it was an exceptional favour for those days that his children were allowed to share their privileges. In Ravenna, where Loudin went to school for a time, the seats in the schoolroom were assigned according to scholarship. He was studious and quick to learn, but when he was found entitled by the rules to a higher seat than several members of his class, their parents took their children out of school, in a white heat of wrath that he should not only have a seat beside but above them!

Converted when a lad, he was admitted to membership in the Methodist church at the same place. He was then a printer's apprentice. His wages were $45 year, and he gave $5 of this to the church. Having a reputation among his acquaintances as a good singer, he applied, two or three years after he became a church member, for admission to the choir. To his surprise and indignation, his application was refused, because of his colour. He made up his mind that he was not likely to get or do much more good in that church, and he never troubled it with his presence afterward.

When a young man he found himself in the city of Cleveland, and obliged to obtain lodgings for the night. Going from one hotel to another, he was refused by each in turn. It was nearly midnight, and only one remained unvisited, and that the leading hotel of the city. Using a little strategy here, he led them to suppose he was a slave travelling in

advance of his master, and they gave him a room at once, thanks to the reflected refulgence of this supposed ownership by a white man! He could not have got one at any price had they known that he was a free man and paid his own bills.

There was one college in Ohio, that at Oberlin, which admitted coloured students to the same privileges as white ones, and his parents would have gladly aided him in obtaining a college education. But the obstacles in the way of using it, either as a means of usefulness or of earning a livelihood, were so great, that it seemed to them not worth the while. In those days the most a coloured man could look forward to was a position as waiter or hostler in a white man's hotel; or possibly, if he was exceptionally thrifty and subservient, to the ownership of a small barber's shop. After he had learned the printer's trade, in fact, he found it of no use to him. White printers would not tolerate the presence of a black compositor, and he was obliged to seek other means of getting a livelihood.

Going to Tennessee after the war, he became interested in the work of the Jubilee Singers, and joined them previous to their second visit to Great Britain in 1875.

BENJAMIN W. THOMAS was the son of an exhorter in the Baptist Church at Bennettsville, South Carolina, and the eldest of his family of four children. When he was quite young, the whole family were sold to a man living in another part of the State. When the war broke out, in 1861, his master went

into the Southern army as a captain, and took Thomas, then a boy in his teens, to wait upon him.

He followed the fortunes of his owner for over a year, but on the retreat of the rebel army after their defeat at Antietam, concluded to try life as his own master. Slipping into the Union lines, he hired out as an officer's servant, at first getting but $7 a month. But on two or three occasions he narrowly escaped capture by the rebels, and as they were wont to treat fugitive slaves who fell into their hands under such circumstances even worse than they did their hated "Yankee" prisoners, he concluded, after the battle of Gettysburg, to leave the army and settle down in the North.

He was intensely desirous of learning to read and write, and he was told that in Northern communities he would find an opportunity to get an education. Going to the city of Pittsburgh, he found employment, first as an hotel porter, and afterward as a waiter in a restaurant. He sought out a night-school, and began attending it. But he had no friends to counsel and help him, and his work so interfered with any attempt to attend school, or even to study by himself, that he made very slow progress. For three or four years his duties in the restaurant kept him busy till nearly midnight six evenings out of every week. But no pauper ever looked more covetously upon the possessions of a millionaire than he, a man grown, did upon the advantages of the children whom he met carrying their slates and readers to and from school.

He heard nothing from his father's family for six

years after he came north. Once, soon after the close of the war, he started to go to South Carolina, and look them up. But on the way he learned that there was then so much disorder and violence prevalent in that part of the country that it would not be prudent for him to visit his old home, and he turned back.

In 1868, other letters having elicited no answer, he addressed one to a church there, telling who he was and what his history had been, and asking information about his parents. To his delight, an answer came back from his father, saying that the family were all alive and still together.

He had purposed, in case he should hear from them, to make them a visit in the course of a few weeks or months. But the first night after his father's letter came, he was so excited that he could not get a moment's sleep, and the next day he started. He spent two months with them, but the opportunities for him to get on were so much better at the North that he then returned to Pittsburgh.

He joined the Jubilee Singers, after their return from England in 1874, to fill a vacancy caused by the unavoidable withdrawal of one of the student members.

HINTON D. ALEXANDER was born in Stone Mountain, Georgia, in 1853. His father was sold before his recollection, and he has never heard from him since. An older sister was also sold, and no tidings have ever been had from her.

As long ago as he can remember, his mother was

accustomed to hire her own time, and that of the four young children that were left to her, for $250 a year. She earned enough by taking in washing to support the family and pay this tribute to her master. By and by her owner decided to sell them, and she was allowed to go out and sell herself, *i.e.*, find some one to whom she would prefer to belong, and who would be willing to pay her master's price for her. She found a purchaser for herself and a part of her children, and another buyer, not far away, for the other child.

But investments in slave property did not prove to be so profitable in those days as they had once been. In little more than a year after she had negotiated the sale of her family, they were all set free by the war, and she was relieved from the necessity of paying wages to some one else for her own work.

After the war closed, the family moved to Chattanooga, and Alexander found work in a rolling mill.

He had saved a little money, and suddenly decided, one day in the fall of 1871, when some of his comrades were about starting for Fisk University, to go along with them. At first he was like a fish out of water, and was sorry enough that he had come. He found it hard to tie his mind down to books, and, as he was not then a Christian, the pervasive religious atmosphere which has always been so characteristic of the school made him uncomfortable. But he had deposited his money with Mr. White on his arrival, and was ashamed to ask for it and give his reason for leaving. When the Christmas vacation came he went home, with no

intention of returning. But to his surprise he found he had lost his relish for the sort of life that he led when working in the iron mill. He had had a taste of something better, and at the beginning of the next term he was ready to return, with the purpose of getting a good education. His mother helped him a little, but he was mostly dependent on his own efforts for support, and often reached the point where it seemed that he must give up his studies. But a Sunday-school class in Elgin, Illinois, the old home of one of the officers of the University, pledged him a dollar a week and he earned $6 a month by ringing the college bell for the hourly recitations, and keeping up the fires in the dormitory furnace.

When far enough advanced in study to teach in the common schools, he went to Mississippi and taught for four months. His salary of $50 a month seemed to him like a fortune; but when he got back to Nashville he found that his board, travel, and other unavoidable expenses had left him but $70 out of his $200, and from that he had to get at once a new outfit of clothing. In 1875 he left his studies to go out with the Jubilee Singers on their new campaign.

MABEL LEWIS was born, as she supposes, in New Orleans. But of her parentage, and the date of her birth, she knows nothing beyond vague supposition. She has reason to think that her mother was a slave and her father a slave-holder, and that it was owing to the interest her father felt in her that she was sent North, when two years old, and carefully reared in a wealthy family. Her earliest recollection is of

a pleasant home, of being sent to and from school in the family carriage, and of being carefully guarded even from association with the servants. But, when she was about ten years old, for some unknown reason there came a change in the treatment which she received. The family, who had used her as kindly as if she were their own child, went abroad, and left her to the care of the servants. Their cruelty and neglect were such that she finally ran away to escape her sufferings at their hand. She drifted about from one place to another, a homeless, friendless waif, cursed by the slight strain of negro blood that appeared in her hair and complexion, working as she had opportunity, and as well as she knew how, for her board and clothes. A benevolent gentleman in Massachusetts finally became interested in her, and secured admission for her to the Lancaster Industrial School. Here her winning qualities of character drew to her warm friends, who aided her in obtaining the special instruction in music which her fine voice deserved, and finally introduced her to the Jubilee Singers, whom she joined in 1872.

But her health gave way during the exhausting labours of their first visit to Great Britain. On their return to America she was obliged to give up the work, and accept the invitation of an old teacher and friend at Lancaster to a home with her for a time, in Erie, Pennsylvania.

MINNIE TATE'S parents were both free coloured people. Her grandmother, on her mother's side, was a slave in Mississippi, but her master gave her and

some of her children, including Minnie's mother, their freedom. Designing to make their home in a free State, the family took such of their possessions as they could carry in bundles on their heads, and started on foot for Ohio, little realising how long a tramp they had undertaken. They had to work for their living as they went along, and often stopped several months in a place before they could get enough money saved to warrant them in again taking up their pilgrimage. Finally they reached a German settlement in Tennessee, where the good people treated them so kindly that they decided to bring their journey to an end, and make their home among them. Minnie's mother was allowed to attend school with the white children, and obtained quite a good education in the common English branches. Afterwards she removed to Nashville, where she married, and where Minnie was born in 1857.

Her mother gave her her first lessons in reading at home, but when older she went to Fisk School. She was one of the original Jubilee Singers, and the youngest of the company which made the first visit to Great Britain, where her sweet voice and her youth drew to her many friends. On the return to America, she was obliged, by the prostration of her voice, to give up singing, and resumed her studies.

EDMUND WATKINS was born in Coosa County, Alabama, in 1850. His father was sold and taken to Texas when he was very young. His mother was a field hand, and when he was but eight years old he was set to work with her picking cotton.

After the war his master would pay him no wages, but endeavoured to keep him at work as before. He therefore ran away, and hired out upon a plantation about fifteen miles distant. By and by his master heard where he was, and sent some men to bring him back by force. He was given a flogging and set to work again, but soon ran away a second time. He made a sure thing of getting out of his master's reach on this trial, and went to work for fifty cents a day in Talladega. When he had saved quite a sum, he loaned it to a white man, who promised him a large rate of interest. But he never saw either principal or interest afterward.

In 1868, he determined to go to school. He hired a room, worked mornings and nights, and paid $2 a month for having his cooking and washing done. The first year he learned his letters and went through the Second Reader. By teaching during the summer vacation, and working for his board out of study hours, he kept on with his studies until he left them to join the Singers in 1872. After the first campaign in Great Britain, he remained in London to pursue musical studies.

BENJAMIN M. HOLMES is a native of Charlestown, South Carolina. He was born of slave parents, on the 25th of September, either in 1846 or 1848, but which year he does not certainly know.

When a little fellow, scarcely old enough to look over his employer's bench, he was apprenticed to learn the tailor's trade. His father had learned to read a little, and secretly taught him his letters. He studied the business signs and the names on the

doors when he carried home bundles for his master, and asked people to tell him a word or two at a time, until by 1860 he found himself able to read the papers very well. His mother then promised him a gold dollar if he would learn to write. This was not so easy as to learn to read, as asking help in any way was more likely to excite suspicion. But when sweeping out the shop, before business hours in the morning, he would study the letters in the measuring book, and so in time learned to write. He secretly taught his fellow-slaves, and came to be looked upon as one of those slaves who "knew too much."

When Charlestown was threatened with capture by the Union troops, in 1862, his master, fearing they would get their freedom, sold his slaves to a trader, who confined them in the slave-prison until he should be ready to take them into the interior. While in prison, Holmes got hold of a copy of President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation. Great was the excitement and rejoicing as he read it aloud to his fellow-captives. Finally he was sold to a merchant of Chattanooga, Tennessee, who gave him a few hours before starting in which to say good-bye to his mother, whom he never saw afterwards.

His new owner took him into his own store, and soon came to place great confidence in him. He would often say, "I'd trust any part of my business to Ben." In 1863, he and all his clerks were drafted into the rebel army, and Ben carried on the business for a short time until his owner and one of the clerks were exempted from service.

Near the end of this year, Chattanooga fell into the hands of the Union troops, and Holmes took advantage of the terms of the proclamation which he had read the year before in the Charlestown slave-pen. He hired out as a servant to General Jefferson C. Davis, of the Union army, at $10 a month, but in the spring returned to the employ of his old owner, who offered him $30 a month. Afterward he worked for a year or two as a cashier in a large barber's-shop, and on the death of his employer he was made administrator of his estate —the first coloured man ever appointed to such duties in the State of Tennessee. He had previously taken an interest in the business, but on settling up the estate it was found to be insolvent; and after it had eaten up $300 of his small savings he gave up the business.

He had been anxious for a long while to get a better education, and in 1868 began studying at Fisk University. The next year he was engaged to teach one of the State schools for the coloured people in Davidson County, and was promised $30 a month. His school averaged an attendance of sixty-eight scholars, but those were days of poverty in private and mismanagement in public affairs, and Davidson County still owes him $150 of his wages. The attempt to educate the coloured people met with bitter opposition, and in another school a shot whizzed past him one day while he was hearing a class recite, fired by some one outside, but by whom it was never known.

After studying again for a while at Fisk, he took

charge of a school eight miles from Nashville. His habit at this time was to walk home on Friday night to attend the meeting of the students' literary society, of which he was a member, work at his tailor's trade all day on Saturday, and walk back on Sunday morning that he might be on hand to conduct the Sabbath-school in his school-house. He was one of the original Jubilee Singers, and continued with the company until its return from its first visit to Great Britain, when he resumed his studies at Nashville.*

ISAAC P. DICKERSON was born in Wytheville, Virginia, in July, 1850. One of the first things he remembers was the sale of his father to a slave-trader. When five years old he lost his mother, who was also a slave, by death. After emancipation, he went to Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he worked at anything he could find to do. Part of the time he attended an American Missionary Association school, and when sufficiently advanced in his studies, began teaching school himself. But he failed to get his pay, and when he went to Fisk University the next year he was obliged to make economy one of his principal studies. He was very fond of music, and in the cantata of "Esther," in which so many of the Jubilee Singers made their *début*, he sang the part of Haman. When the Singers returned to America, in 1874, he remained in Edinburgh to pursue studies preparatory to entering the ministry.

* The death of Mr. Holmes, from consumption, has occurred since the above was written, the first death among those who have at any time been members of the Jubilee Singers' company.

JUBILEE SONGS.

PREFACE TO THE MUSIC.

In giving these melodies to the world in a tangible form, it seems desirable to say a few words about them as judged from a musical stand-point. It is certain that the critic stands completely disarmed in their presence. He must not only recognise their immense power over audiences which include many people of the highest culture, but, if he be not thoroughly encased in prejudice, he must yield a tribute of admiration on his own part, and acknowledge that these songs touch a chord which the most consummate art fails to reach. Something of this result is doubtless due to the singers as well as to their melodies. The excellent rendering of the Jubilee Band is made more effective and the interest is intensified by the comparison of their former state of slavery and degradation with the present prospects and hopes of their race, which crowd upon every listener's mind during the singing of their songs. Yet the power is chiefly in the songs themselves, and hence a brief analysis of them will be of interest.

Their origin is unique. They are never "composed" after the manner of ordinary music, but spring into life, ready made, from the white heat of religious fervour during some protracted meeting in church or camp. They come from no musical cultivation whatever, but are the simple, ecstatic utterances of wholly untutored minds. From so unpromising a source we could reasonably expect only such a mass of crudities as would be unendurable to the cultivated ear. On the contrary, however, the cultivated listener confesses to a new charm, and to a power never before felt, at least in its kind. What can we infer from this but that the child-like, receptive minds of these unfor-

tunates were wrought upon with a true inspiration, and that this gift was bestowed upon them by an ever-watchful Father, to quicken the pulses of life, and to keep them from the state of hopeless apathy into which they were in danger of falling.

A technical analysis of these melodies shows some interesting facts. The first peculiarity that strikes the attention is in the rhythm. This is often complicated, and sometimes strikingly original. But although so new and strange, it is most remarkable that these effects are so extremely satisfactory. We see few cases of what theorists call *mis-form*, although the student of musical composition is likely to fall into that error long after he has mastered the leading principles of the art.

Another noticeable feature of the songs is the rare occurrence of triple time, or three-part measure among them. The reason for this is doubtless to be found in the beating of the foot and the swaying of the body which are such frequent accompaniments of the singing. These motions are in even measure, and in perfect time; and so it will be found that, however broken and seemingly irregular the movement of the music, it is always capable of the most exact measurement. In other words, its irregularities invariably conform to the "higher law" of the perfect rhythmic flow.

It is a coincidence worthy of note that more than half the melodies in this collection are in the same scale as that in which Scottish music is written; that is, with the fourth and seventh tones omitted. The fact that the music of the ancient Greeks is also said to have been written in this scale suggests an interesting inquiry as to whether it may not be a peculiar language of nature, or a simpler alphabet than the ordinary diatonic scale, in which the uncultivated mind finds its easiest expression.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

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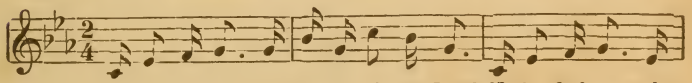
JUBILEE SONGS.

It will be observed that in most of these songs the first strain is of the nature of a chorus or refrain, which is to be sung after each verse. The return to this chorus should be made without breaking the time.

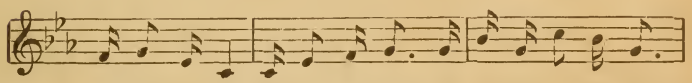
In some of the verses the syllables do not correspond exactly to the notes in the music. The adaptation is so easy that it was thought best to leave it to the skill of the singer rather than to confuse the eye by too many notes. The music is in each case carefully adapted to the first verse. Whatever changes may be necessary in singing the remaining verses will be found to involve no difficulty.

No. 1.

Nobody knows the Trouble I see, Lord!

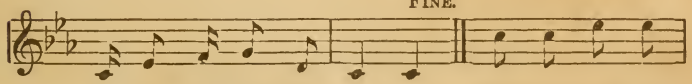


No-bo-dy knows the trouble I see, Lord, No-bo-dy knows the

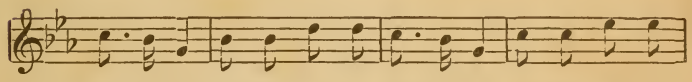


trou-ble I see, No-bo-dy knows the trouble I see, Lord.

FINE.

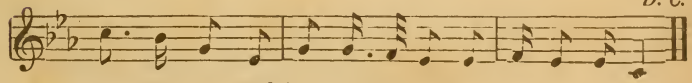


No-bo-dy knows like Je-sus. 1. Broth-ers, will you



pray for me, Brothers, will you pray for me, Brothers, will you

D. C.



pray for me, And help me to drive old Sa-tan a-way.

2. Sisters, will you pray for me, &c.
3. Mothers, will you pray for me, &c.
4. Preachers, will you pray for me, &c.

No. 2. Swing low, sweet Chariot.

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

FINE.

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

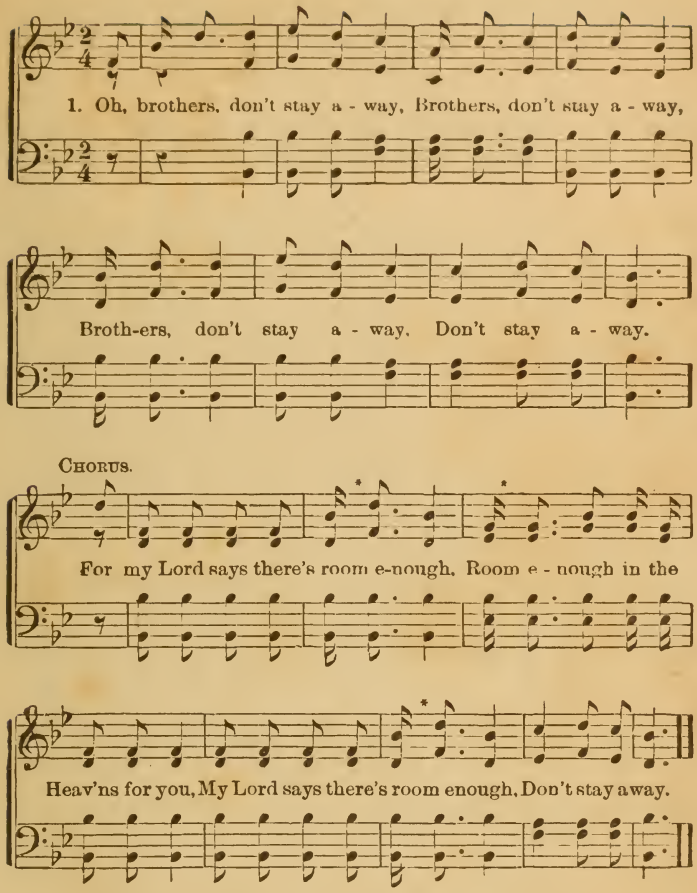
1. I looked o - ver Jor-dan, and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,
3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw,
4. I'm some - times up and some - times down.

Com-ing for to car-ry me home? A band of an-gels
Com-ing for to car-ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm
Com-ing for to car-ry me home, When Je - sus wash'd my
Com-ing for to car-ry me home, But still my soul feels

D. C.

com-ing af-ter me, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
com - ing too, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
sins a - way, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
heaven - ly bound, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

No. 3. **Room Enough.**



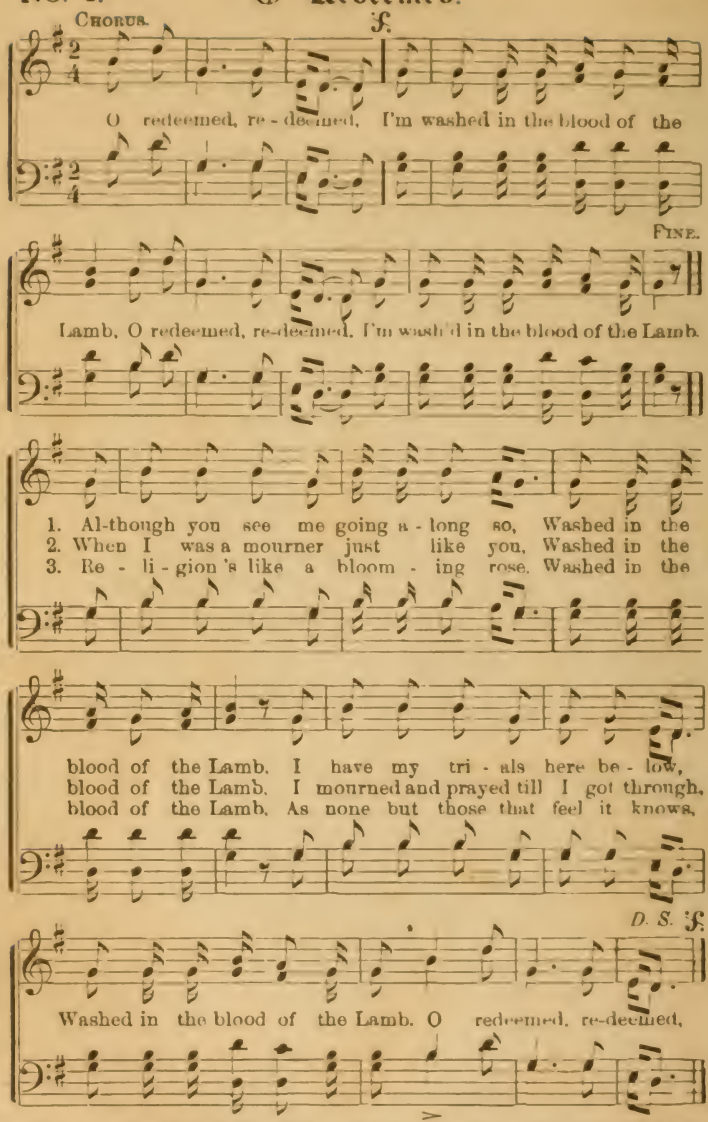
2 Oh, mourners, don't stay away.
Cho.—For the Bible says there's room enough, &c.

3 Oh sinners, don't stay away.
Cho.—For the angel says there's room enough, &c.

4 Oh, children, don't stay away.
Cho.—For Jesus says there's room enough. &c.

* The peculiar accent here makes the words sound thus : "rooma nough."

No. 4. O Redeemed.



* Attention is called to this characteristic manner of connecting the last strain with the chorus in the D. C.

No. 5. From every Graveyard.

Just be-hold that number, Just be-hold that number, Just be -

hold that num-ber From ev - e - ry grave-yard.

1. Going to
2. Going to
3. Going to
4. Going to
5. Going to

1. meet the brothers there, That used to join in prayer, Go - ing
2. meet the sis - ters there, That used to join in prayer, &c.
3. meet the preachers there, That used to join in prayer, &c.
4. meet the mourners there, That used to join in prayer, &c.
5. meet the Christians there, That used to join in prayer, &c.

D. C.

up thro' great trib-u - la - tion From ev - e - ry grave-yard.

No. 6. Children, we all shall be Free.

Chil-dren, we all shall be free. Chil-dren, we all shall be

free, Children, we all shall be free, When the Lord shall appear.

1. We want no cowards in our band, That from their colors fly, We

D. C.

call for val-iant-heart-ed men, That are not a - fraid to die.

2. We see the pilgrim as he lies,
With glory in his soul;
To Heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids this world adieu.
Cho.—Children, we all shall be free, &c.

3. Give ease to the sick, give sight to the blind.
Enable the cripple to walk;
He'll raise the dead from under the earth,
And give them permission to fly.
Cho.—Children, we all shall be free, &c.

* The words, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," are sometimes sung to this strain.

No. 7. Roll, Jordan, Roll.

Roll, Jordan, roll, roll, Jordan, roll, I want to go to

Roll, . . .

hea-ven when I die, To hear Jor-dan roll.

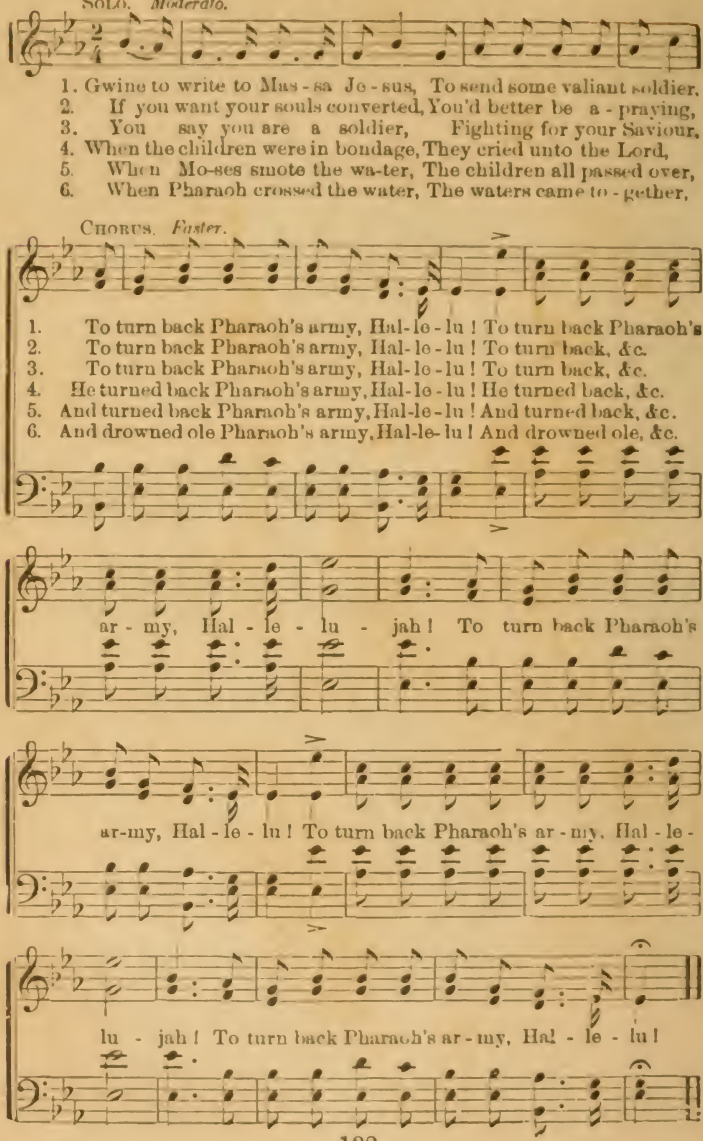
1. Oh, brothers, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord! A

D.C.

sit-ting in the Kingdom, To hear Jor-dan roll.

2. Oh, preachers, you ought t'have been there, &c.
3. Oh, sinners, you ought, &c.
4. Oh, mourners, you ought, &c.
5. Oh, seekers, you ought, &c.
6. Oh, mothers, you ought, &c.
7. Oh, sisters, you ought, &c.

No. 8. Turn back Pharaoh's Army.



No. 9. I'm a Rolling.

I'm a roll-ing, I'm a roll-ing, I'm a roll-ing thro' an un-

friend-ly world, I'm a roll-ing, I'm a roll-ing thro' an

un-friend-ly world.

1. O brothers, wont you help me,
2. O sis-ters, wont you help me,
3. O preachers, wont you help me,

O brothers, wont you help me to pray? O brothers, wont you
O sis-ters, wont you help me to pray? O sis-ters, &c.
O preachers, wont you help me to fight? O preachers, &c.

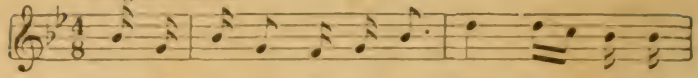
D. C.

help me, Wont you help me in the service of the Lord?*

* Return to the beginning in exact time.

No. 10. Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel.

Sung in Unison.

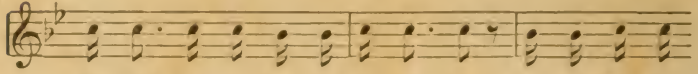


Did-n't my Lord de-liv-er Dan-iel, D'liver

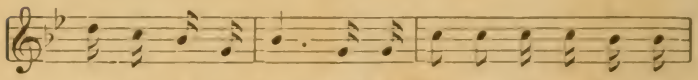
Dan-iel, d'liver Dan-iel, Did-n't my Lord de-liv-er

1st Verse.

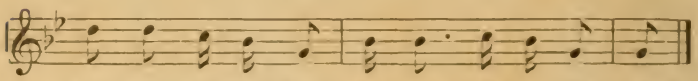
Dan-iel. And why not e-v-e-ry man? He de-



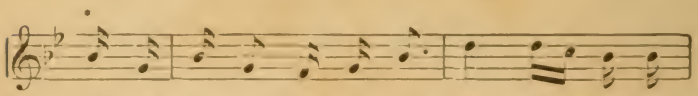
liv-er'd Dan-iel from the li-on's den, Jo-nah from the



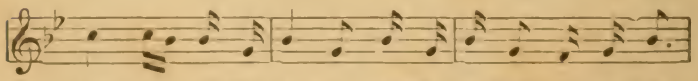
bel-ly of the whale, And the He-brew children from the



fie-ry fur-nace, And why not ev-e-ry man?



Did-n't my Lord de-liv-er Dan-iel D'liver

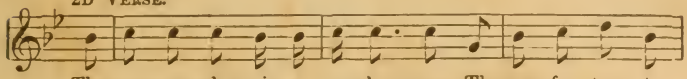


Dan-iel, d'liver Dan-iel, Did-n't my Lord de-liv-er

* Go on without pause, leaving out two beats of the measure.

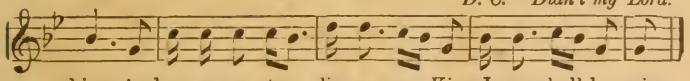
Dan - iel, And why not a ev - e - ry man?

2D VERSE.



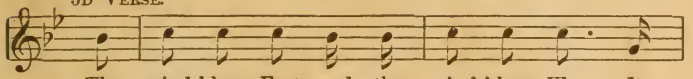
The moon run down in a purple-stream, The sun for - bear to

D. C. "Didn't my Lord."

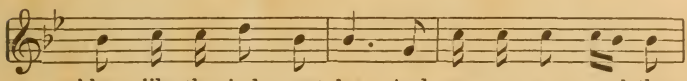


shine, And ev - e - ry star dis-ap-pear, King Jesus shall be mine.

3D VERSE.

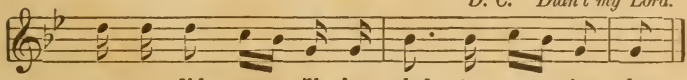


The wind blows East, and the wind blows West, It



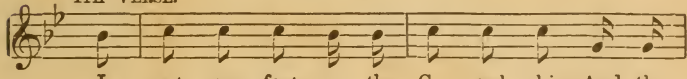
blows like the judg-ment day, And ev - ery poor soul that

D. C. "Didn't my Lord."

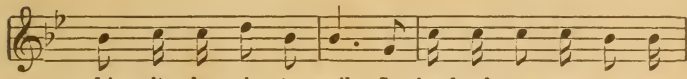


nev - er did pray, 'll be glad to pray that day.

4TH VERSE.

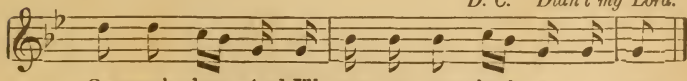


I set my foot on the Gos - pel ship, And the



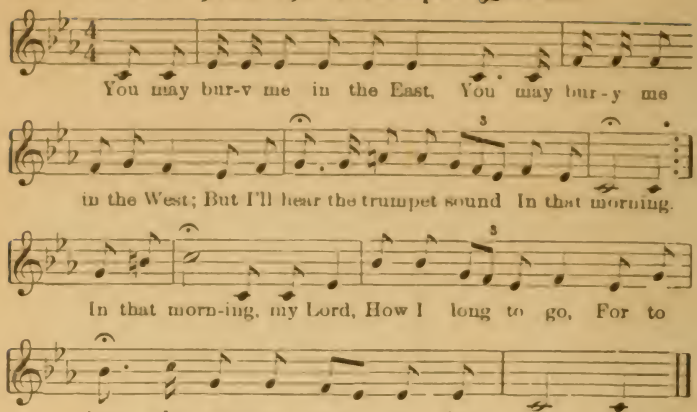
ship it be - gin to sail, It land - ed me o - ver on

D. C. "Didn't my Lord."



Ca-naan's shore, And I'll nev - er come back a - ny more.

No. 11. I'll hear the Trumpet Sound.



2. Father Gabriel in that day,
He'll take wings and fly away.
For to hear the trumpet sound
In that morning.
You may bury him in the East,
You may bury him in the West;
But he'll hear the trumpet sound,
In that morning.
Cho.—In that morning, &c.

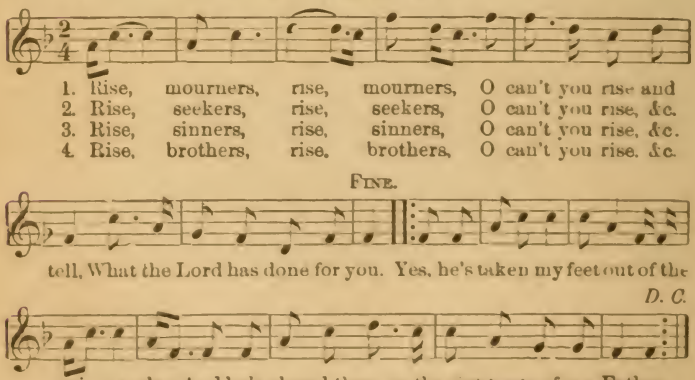
3. Good old christians in that day,
They'll take wings and fly away, &c.
Cho.—In that morning, &c.

4. Good old preachers in that day,
They'll take wings and fly away, &c.
Cho.—In that morning, &c.

5. In that dreadful Judgment day,
I'll take wings and fly away, &c.
Cho.—In that morning, &c.

* Repeat the music of the first strain for all the verses but the first.

No. 12. Rise, Mourners.*



* This hymn is sung with great unction while "seekers" are going forward to the altar.

No. 13. I've just come from the Fountain.

1. I've just come from the fountain, I've just come from the
2. Been drinking from the fountain, Been drinking, &c.

fountain, Lord! I've just come from the fountain, His name's so

CHORUS.

sweet. O brothers, I love Je - sus, O brothers, I love

D. C.

Je - sus, O brothers, I love Je - sus, His name's so sweet.

3. I found free grace at the fountain,
I found free grace, &c.
Cho.—O preachers, I love Jesus, &c.

4. My soul's set free at the fountain,
My soul's set free, &c.
Cho.—O sinners, I love Jesus, &c.

* The Tenors usually sing the melody from this point.

No. 14. Gwine to ride up in the Chariot.

Solo. Chorus.

1. Gwine to ride up in the chariot, Soon-er in the morning.

Solo. Chorus.

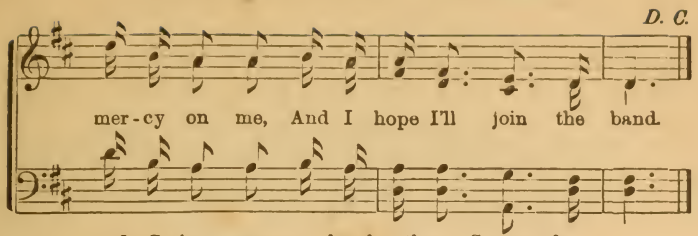
Ride up in the cha - riot, Soon-er in the morn-ing.

Solo. Chorus.

Ride up in the cha - riot, Soon-er in the morning, And I

hope I'll join the band. O Lord, have mer-cy on me,

O Lord, have mer - cy on me; O Lord, have



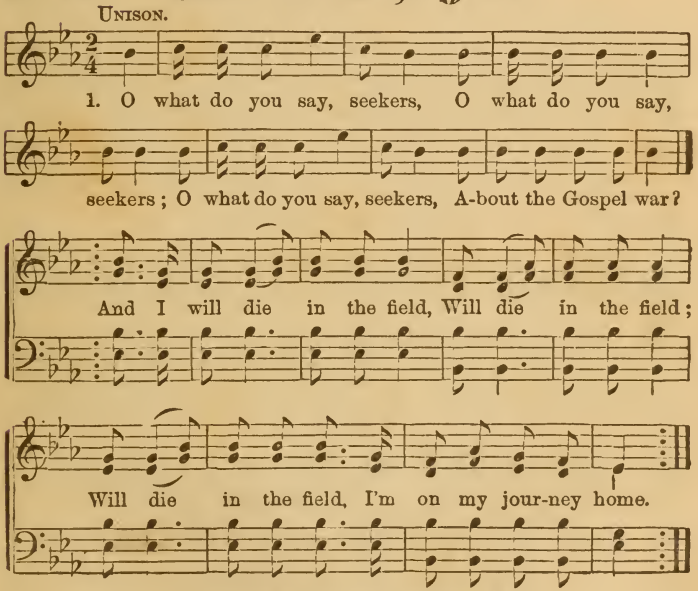
2. Gwine to meet my brother there, Sooner, &c.
Cho.—O Lord, have mercy, &c.

3. Gwine to chatter with the Angels, Sooner, &c.
Cho.—O Lord, have mercy, &c.

4. Gwine to meet my massa Jesus, Sooner, &c.
Cho.—O Lord, have mercy, &c.

5. Gwine to walk and talk with Jesus, Sooner, &c.
Cho.—O Lord, have mercy, &c.

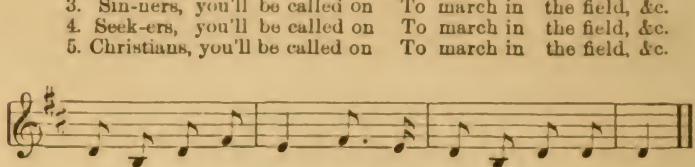
No. 15. We'll die in the Field.



2. O what do you say, brothers, &c.
3. O what do you say, christians, &c.
4. O what do you say, preachers, &c.

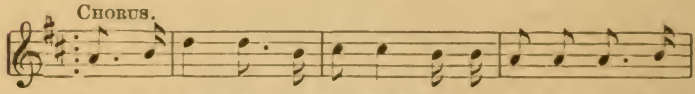
No. 16. Children, you'll be called on.

1. Chil-dren, you'll be called on To march in the field of
2. Preachers, you'll be called on To march in the field, &c.
3. Sin-ners, you'll be called on To march in the field, &c.
4. Seek-ers, you'll be called on To march in the field, &c.
5. Christians, you'll be called on To march in the field, &c.

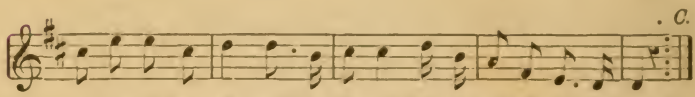


bat-tle, When this war-fare'll be end-ed, Hal-le-lu.

CHORUS.



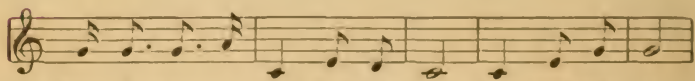
When this war-fare'll be end-ed, I'm a sol-dier of the



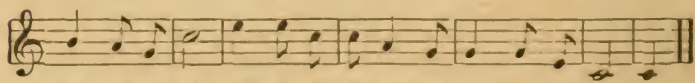
ju-bi-lee, This warfare'll be ended, I'm a soldier of the cross.

No. 17. Give me Jesus.

1. O when I come to die, O when I come to die, O
2. In the morning when I rise, In the morning when I rise, &c.
3. Dark midnight was my cry, Dark midnight was my cry, &c.
4. I heard the mourner say, I heard the mourner say, &c.

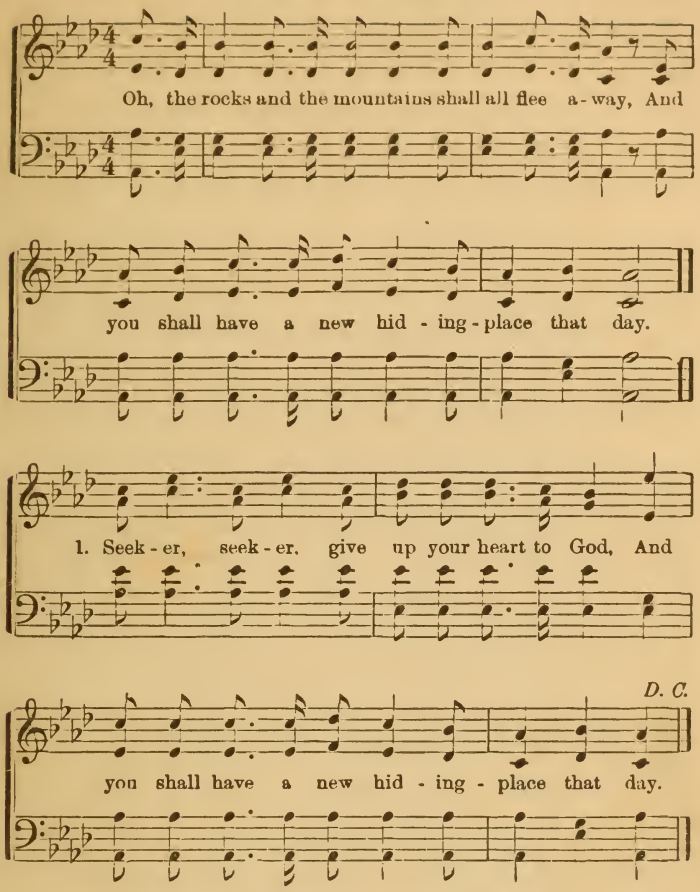


when I come to die—Give me Je-sus, Give me Je



sus, Give me Je-sus, You may have all this world, Give me Je-sus.

No. 18. The Rocks and the Mountains.



2. Doubter, doubter, give up your heart to God,
   And you shall have a new hiding-place that day.
   Oh, the rocks, &c.

3. Mourner, mourner, give up your heart to God, &c.

4. Sinner, sinner, give up your heart to God, &c.

5. Sister, sister, give up your heart to God, &c.

6. Mother, mother, give up your heart to God, &c.

7. Children, children, give up your heart to God, &c

No. 19 Go down, Moses.

1. When Is - ra - el was in E-gypt's land: Let my people go,

Oppress'd so hard they could not stand, Let my peo-ple go.

Go down, Mo - ses, Way down in E - gypt land,

Tell ole Pha - roh. Let my peo - ple go.

2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

3. No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go;
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

4. When Israel out of Egypt came,
Let my people go;
And left the proud oppressive land,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

5. O, 'twas a dark and dismal night,
Let my people go;
When Moses led the Israelites,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

6. 'Twas good old Moses and Aaron, too,
Let my people go;
'Twas they that led the armies through,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

7. The Lord told Moses what to do,
Let my people go;
To lead the children of Israel through,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

8. O come along, Moses, you'll not get lost,
Let my people go;
Stretch out your rod and come across,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

9. As Israel stood by the water side,
Let my people go;
At the command of God it did divide,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

10. When they had reached the other shore,
Let my people go;
They sang a song of triumph o'er,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

11. Pharaoh said he would go across,
Let my people go;
But Pharaoh and his host were lost,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

12. O, Moses, the cloud shall cleave the way,
Let my people go;
A fire by night, a shade by day,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

13. You'll not get lost in the wilderness,
Let my people go;
With a lighted candle in your breast,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

14. Jordan shall stand up like a wall,
Let my people go;
And the walls of Jericho shall fall,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

15. Your foes shall not before you stand
Let my people go;
And you'll possess fair Canaan's land,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

16. 'Twas just about in harvest time,
Let my people go;
When Joshua led his host divine,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

17. O let us all from bondage flee,
Let my people go;
And let us all in Christ be free,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

18. We need not always weep and moan,
Let my people go;
And wear these slavery chains forlorn,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

19. This world's a wilderness of woe,
Let my people go;
O, let us on to Canaan go,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

20. What a beautiful morning that will be,
Let my people go;
When time breaks up in eternity,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

21. O bretheren, bretheren, you'd better be engaged,
Let my people go;
For the devil he's out on a big rampage,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

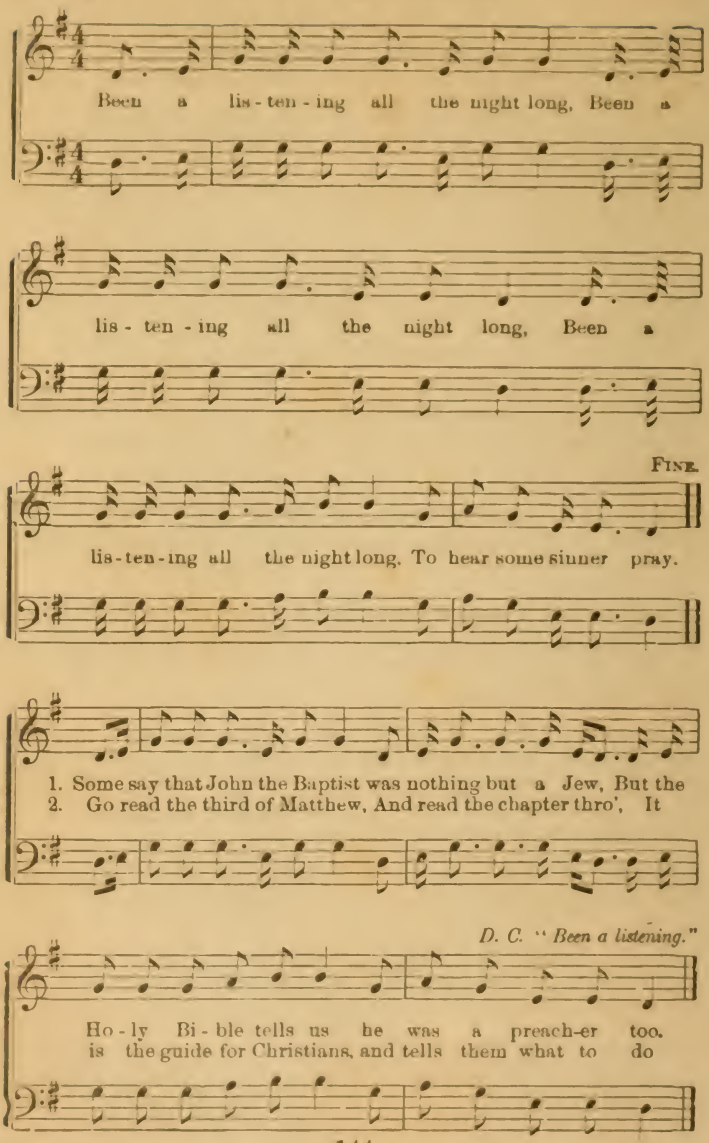
22. The Devil he thought he had me fast,
Let my people go;
But I thought I'd break his chains at last,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

23. O take yer shoes from off yer feet,
Let my people go;
And walk into the golden street,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

24. I'll tell you what I likes de best,
Let my people go;
It is the shouting Methodist,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

25. I do believe without a doubt,
Let my people go;
That a Christian has the right to shout,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

No. 20. Been a Listening.



No. 21. Keep me from sinking Down.

p *f* *p*

Oh, Lord, Oh, my Lord! Oh, my good Lord! Keep

FINE. *f*

me from sink-ing down. { 1. I tell you what I
2. I look up yonder, and

p *f*

mean to do; Keep me from sink-ing down: I
what do I see; Keep me from sink-ing down: I

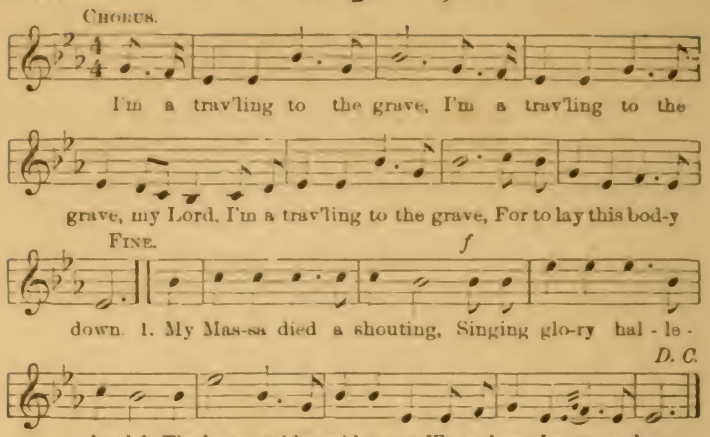
p D. C.

mean to go to heav-en too; Keep me from sinking down.
see the angels beckoning to me; Keep me from sinking down.

3. When I was a mourner just like you;
Keep me from sinking down:
I mourned and mourned till I got through;
Keep me from sinking down.
Oh, Lord, &c.

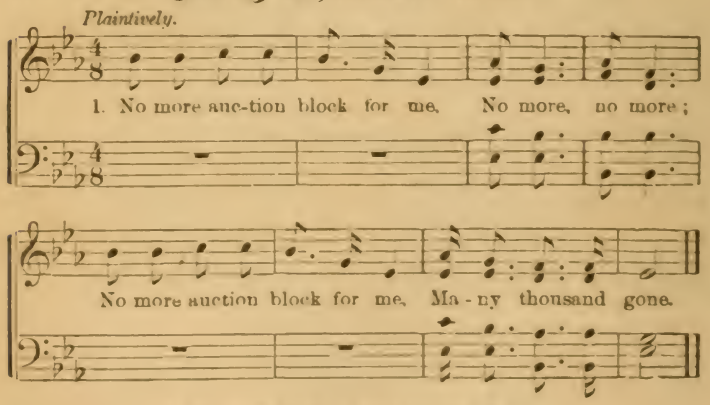
4. I bless the Lord I'm gwine to die;
Keep me from sinking down:
I'm gwine to judgment by-and-by;
Keep me from sinking down.
Oh, Lord &c.

No. 22. I'm a trav'ling to the Grave.



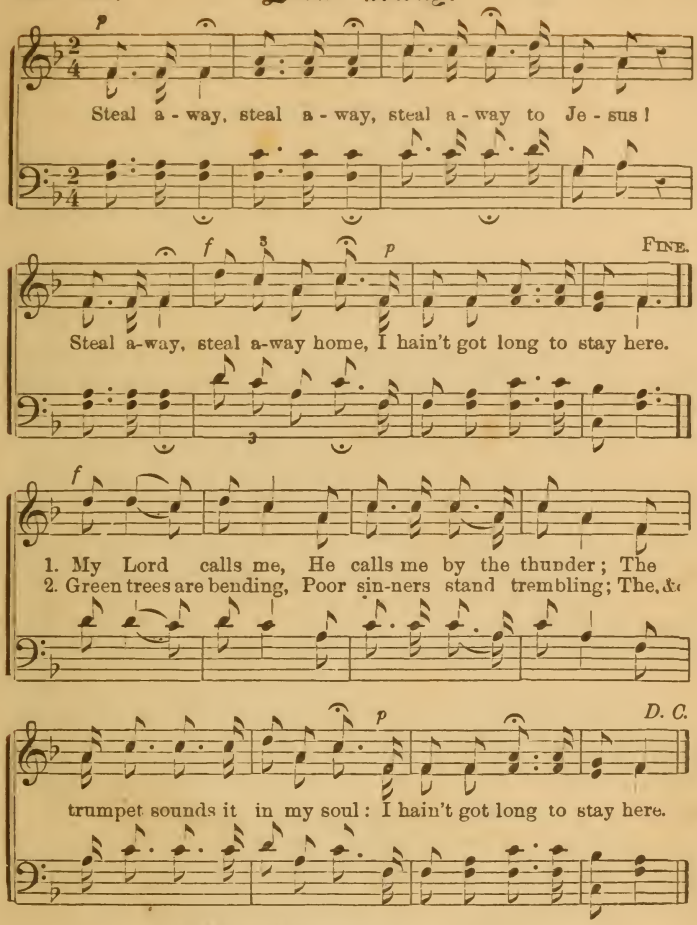
2. My missis died a shouting, &c.
3. My brother died a shouting, &c.
4. My sister died a shouting, &c.

No. 23. Many Thousand Gone.



2. No more peck o' corn for me, &c.
3. No more driver's lash for me, &c.
4. No more pint o' salt for me, &c.
5. No more hundred lash for me, &c.
6. No more mistress' call for me, &c.

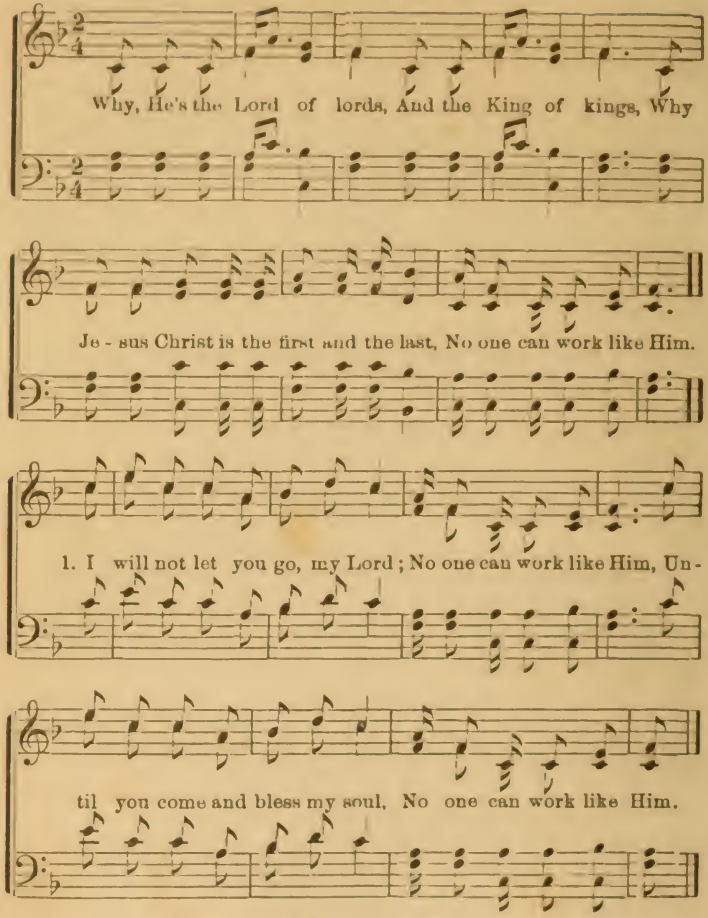
No. 24. Steal Away.



3. My Lord calls me,
   He calls me by the lightning;
   The trumpet sounds it in my soul:
   I hain't got long to stay here.
   Cho.—Steal away, &c.

4. Tombstones are bursting,
   Poor sinners are trembling;
   The trumpet sounds it in my soul:
   I hain't got long to stay here.
   Cho.—Steal away, &c.

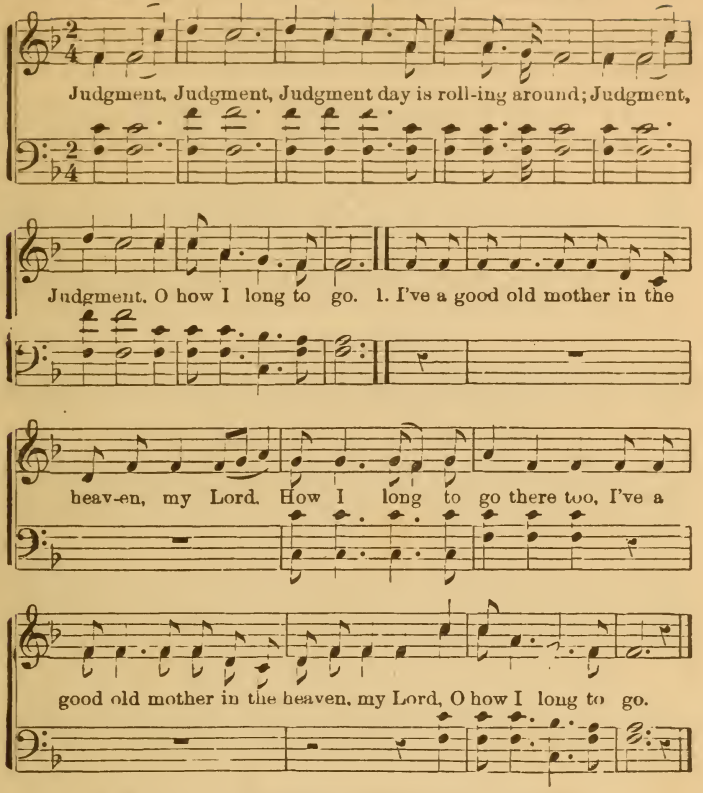
No. 25. He's the Lord of Lords.



2. For Paul and Silas bound in jail,
   No one can work like Him;
   The Christians prayed both night and day,
   No one can work like Him.
   Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords, &c.

3. I wish those mourners would believe,
   No one can work like Him,
   That Jesus is ready to receive,
   No one can work like Him.
   Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords, &c

No. 26. Judgment Day is rolling Round.



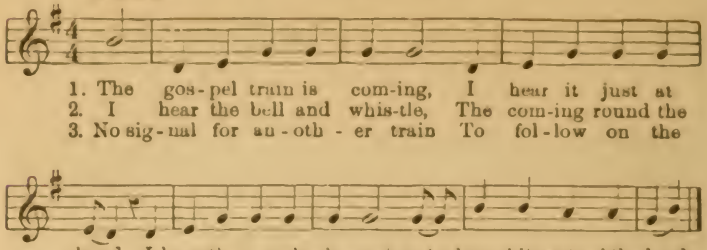
2. There's no backsliding in the heaven, my Lord,
   How I long to go there too,
   There's no backsliding in the heaven, my Lord,
   O how I long to go.
   Cho.—Judgment, &c.

3. King Jesus sitting in the heaven, my Lord,
   How I long to go there too,
   King Jesus sitting in the heaven, my Lord.
   O how I long to go.
   Cho.—Judgment, &c.

4. There's a big camp meeting in the heaven, my Lord,
   How I long to go there too,
   There's a big camp meeting in the heaven, my Lord.
   O how I long to go.
   Cho.—Judgment, &c.

No. 27. The Gospel Train.

UNISON.



4. This is the Christian banner,
   The motto's new and old,
   Salvation and Repentance
   Are burnished there in gold.
   Cho.—Get on board, children, &c.

5. She's nearing now the station,
   O, sinner, don't be vain,
   But come and get your ticket,
   And be ready for the train.
   Cho.—Get on board, children, &c.

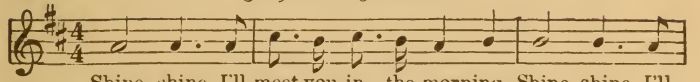
6. The fare is cheap and all can go,
   The rich and poor are there,
   No second-class on board the train,
   No difference in the fare.
   Cho.—Get on board, children, &c.

7. There's Moses, Noah and Abraham,
And all the prophets, too,
Our friends in Christ are all on board,
O, what a heavenly crew.
Cho.—Get on board, children, &c.

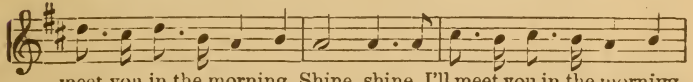
8. We soon shall reach the station,
O, how we then shall sing,
With all the heavenly army,
We'll make the welkin ring,
Cho.—Get on board, children, &c.

9. We'll shout o'er all our sorrows,
And sing forever more,
With Christ and all his army,
On that celestial shore.
Cho.—Get on board, children, &c

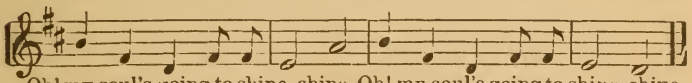
No. 28. Shine, Shine.



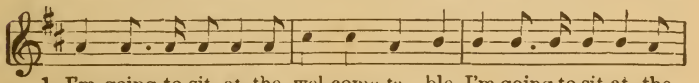
Shine, shine, I'll meet you in the morning, Shine, shine, I'll



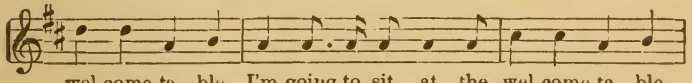
meet you in the morning. Shine, shine, I'll meet you in the morning,



Oh! my soul's going to shine, shine, Oh! my soul's going to shine, shine.

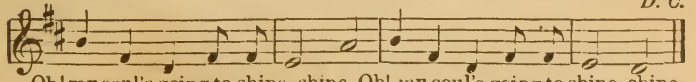


1. I'm going to sit at the wel-come-ta - ble, I'm going to sit at the



wel-come ta - ble, I'm going to sit at the wel-come ta - ble,

D. C.

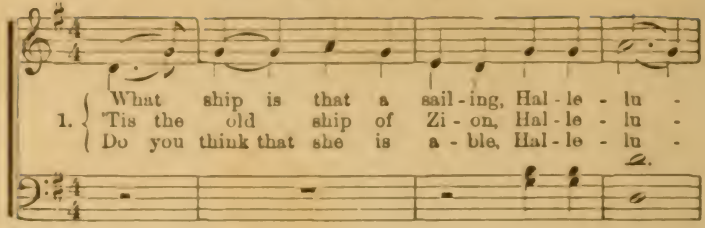


Oh! my soul's going to shine, shine, Oh! my soul's going to shine, shine.

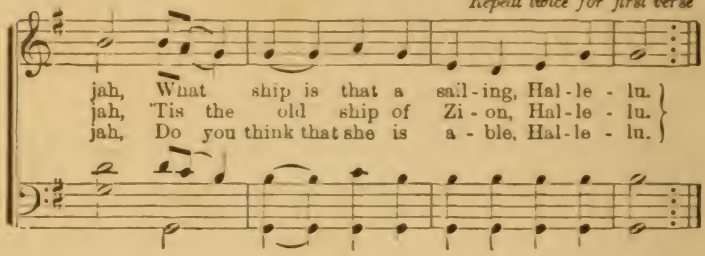
2. I'm going to tell God about my trial, &c.
Oh! my soul's going to shine, &c.
Cho.—Shine, shine, &c.

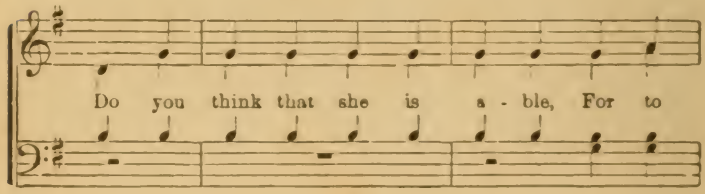
3. I'm going to walk all about that city, &c.
Oh! my soul's going to shine, &c.
Cho.—Shine, shine, &c.

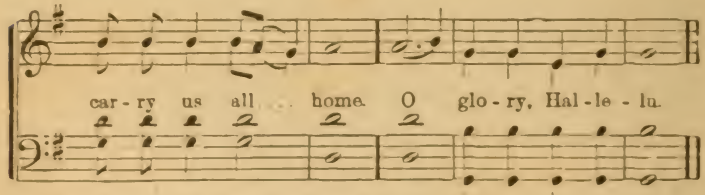
No. 29. Old Ship of Zion.



Repeat twice for first verse







In singing the last two verses the music is not to be repeated.

2. She has landed many a thousand, Hallelujah,
She has landed many a thousand, Hallelu,
She has landed many a thousand,
And will land as many a more. Oh glory, Hallelu.

3. She is loaded down with angels, Hallelujah.
She is loaded down with angels, Hallelu,
And King Jesus is the Captain,
And he'll carry us all home. Oh glory, Hallelu.

No. 30. In the River of Jordan.

1. In the riv-er of Jor-dan John baptized, How I long to be bap-tized; In the riv-er of Jor-dan John bap-tized, To the dy-ing Lamb. Pray on, pray on, pray on, ye mourning souls, Pray on, pray on, un-to the dy-ing Lamb.

2. We baptize all that come by faith,
How I long to be baptized;
We baptize all that come by faith,
To the dying Lamb.
Cho.—Pray on, &c.

3. Here's another one come to be baptized,
How I long to be baptized;
Here's another one to be baptized,
To the dying Lamb
Cho.—Pray on, &c.

No. 31. We'll stand the Storm.

Oh! stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by-and-by,

Stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an-chor by - and-by.

1. My ship is on the o - cean, We'll anchor by-and-by, My

D. C.

ship is on the o - cean, We'll an-chor by - and-by.

2. She's making for the kingdom,
We'll anchor, &c.

3. I've a mother in the kingdom,
We'll anchor, &c.

No. 32. I'm so Glad.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad there's

no dy - ing there. 1. I'll tell you how I found the Lord,

No dy - ing there, With a hung down head

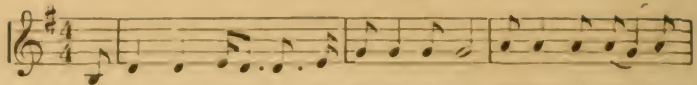
D. C.

and ach - ing heart, No dy - ing there.

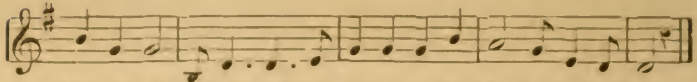
2. I hope I'll meet my brother there,
No dying there,
That used to join with me in prayer,
No dying there.
Cho.—I'm so glad, &c.

3. I hope I'll meet the preacher there,
No dying there,
That used to join with me in prayer,
No dying there.
Cho.—I'm so glad, &c.

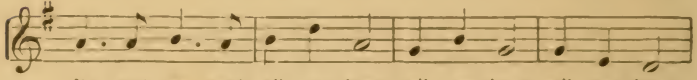
No. 33. Come, let us all go Down.



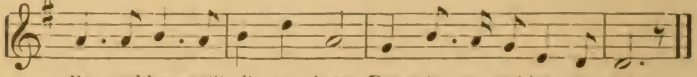
1. As I went down in the val-ley to pray, Studying a - bout that
2. I think I hear the sinner say, Come, let's go in the val -
3. I think I hear the mourner say, Come, let's go in the val -



good old way; You shall wear the starry crown, Good Lord, show me the way.
ley to pray; You shall wear the starry crown, Good Lord, show me the way.
ley to pray; You shall wear the starry crown, Good Lord, show me the way.

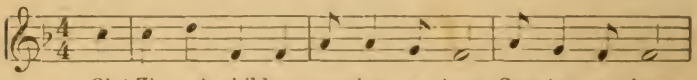


By - and - by we'll all go down, all go down, all go down,

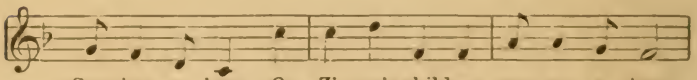


By - and-by we'll all go down, Down in the val-ley to pray

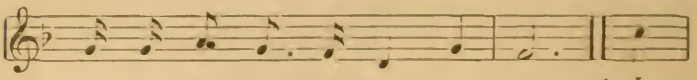
No. 34. Zion's Children.



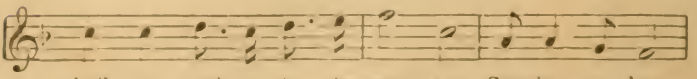
Oh! Zi - on's children com-ing a - long. Com-ing a - long,



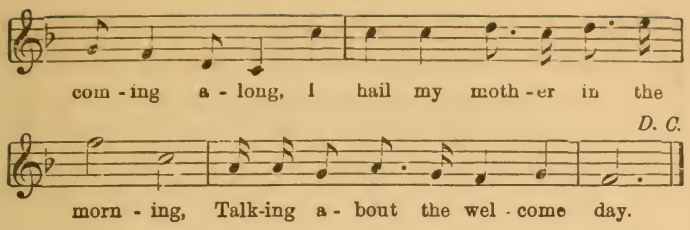
Com-ing a - long, O Zi - on's children com-ing a - long,



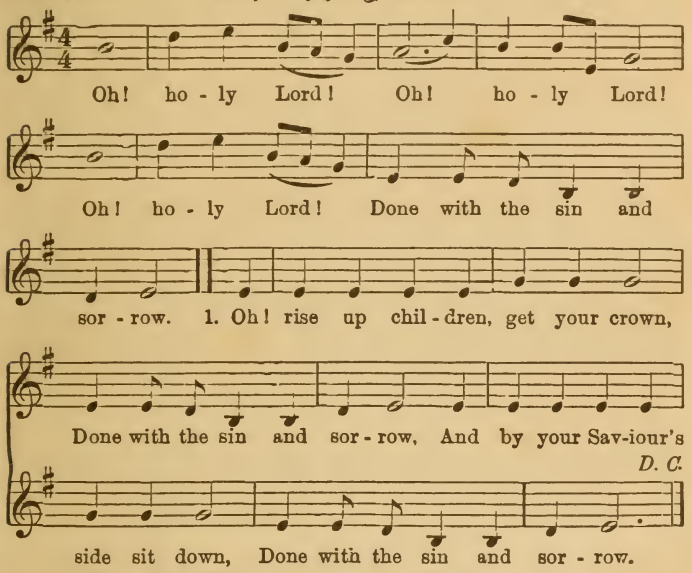
Talk - ing a - bout the wel - come day { 1. I / 2. Oh! / 3. I



hail my moth - er in the morn - ing, Com-ing a - long,
don't you want to live up yon - der, Com-ing, &c.
think they are might - y hap - py, Com-ing, &c.



No. 35. Oh! Holy Lord.

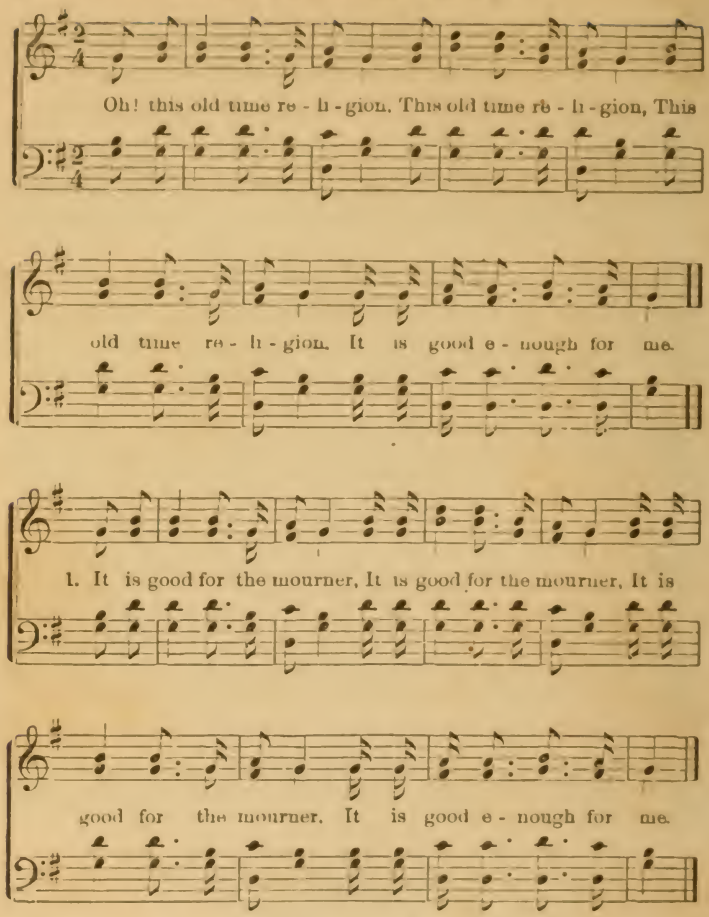


2. What a glorious morning that will be,
   Done with the sin and sorrow;
   Our friends and Jesus we will see,
   Done with the sin and sorrow.—*Cho.*

3. Oh shout, you Christians, you're gaining ground,
   Done with the sin and sorrow;
   We'll shout old Satan's kingdom down,
   Done with the sin and sorrow.—*Cho.*

4. I soon shall reach that golden shore,
   Done with the sin and sorrow;
   And sing the songs we sang before,
   Done with the sin and sorrow.—*Cho.*

No. 36. This Old Time Religion.



2. It will carry you home to heaven,
It will carry you home to heaven,
It will carry you home to heaven,
It is good enough for me.
Cho.—Oh, this old time religion, &c.

3. It brought me out of bondage, &c.
Cho.—Oh, this old time religion, &c.

4. It is good when you are in trouble, &c.
Cho.—Oh, this old time religion, &c

No. 37. The Ten Virgins.

1. Five of them were wise when the bride-groom came.

Five of them were wise when the bride-groom came.

Repeat. pp

O Zi-on, O Zi-on, O Zi-on, when the bridegroom came.

2. Five of them were foolish when the bridegroom came,
Five of them were foolish when the bridegroom came.
Cho.—O Zion, &c.

3. The wise they took oil when the bridegroom came,
The wise they took oil when the bridegroom came.
Cho.—O Zion, &c.

4. The foolish took no oil when the bridegroom came,
The foolish took no oil when the bridegroom came.
Cho.—O Zion, &c.

5. The foolish they kept knocking when the bridegroom came,
The foolish they kept knocking when the bridegroom came.
Cho.—O Zion, &c.

6. Depart, I never knew you, said the bridegroom, then,
Depart, I never knew you, said the bridegroom, then.
Cho.—O Zion, &c.

No. 38. He Arose.

Slowly.

1. The Jews killed poor Jesus, The Jews killed poor Jesus, The Jews killed poor Je - sus, And laid him in a tomb.

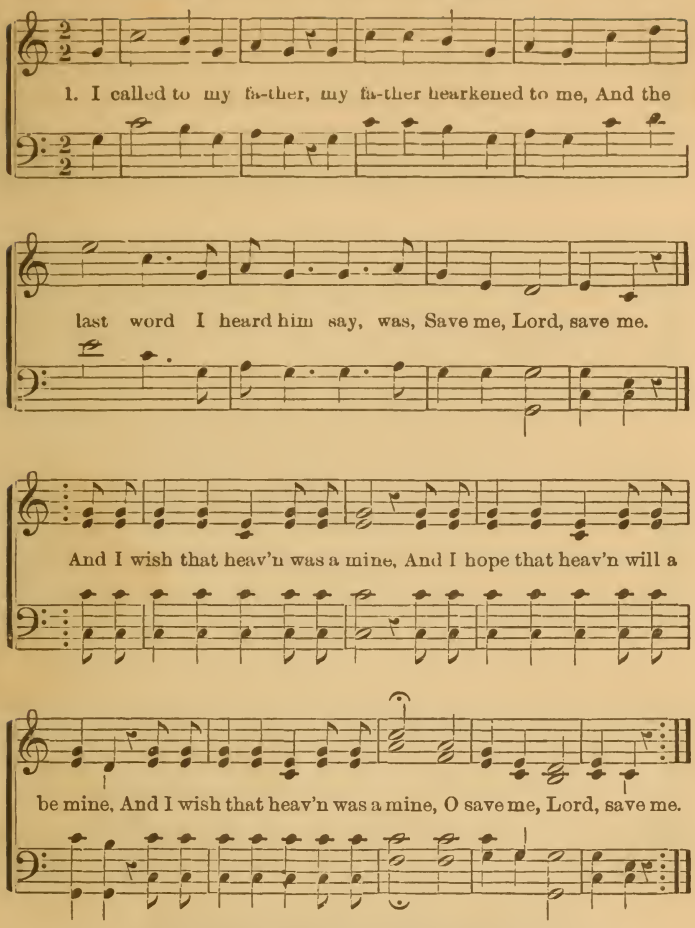
He a - rose,..... He a - rose,..... He a - rose, ... He a - rose and went to heav-en in a cloud.

Repeat. pp

2. Then down came an angel,
Then down came an angel,
Then down came an angel,
And rolled away the stone
Cho.—He arose, &c.

3. Then Mary she came weeping,
Then Mary she came weeping,
Then Mary she came weeping,
A looking for her Lord.
Cho.—He arose, &c.

No. 39. Save me, Lord, Save.

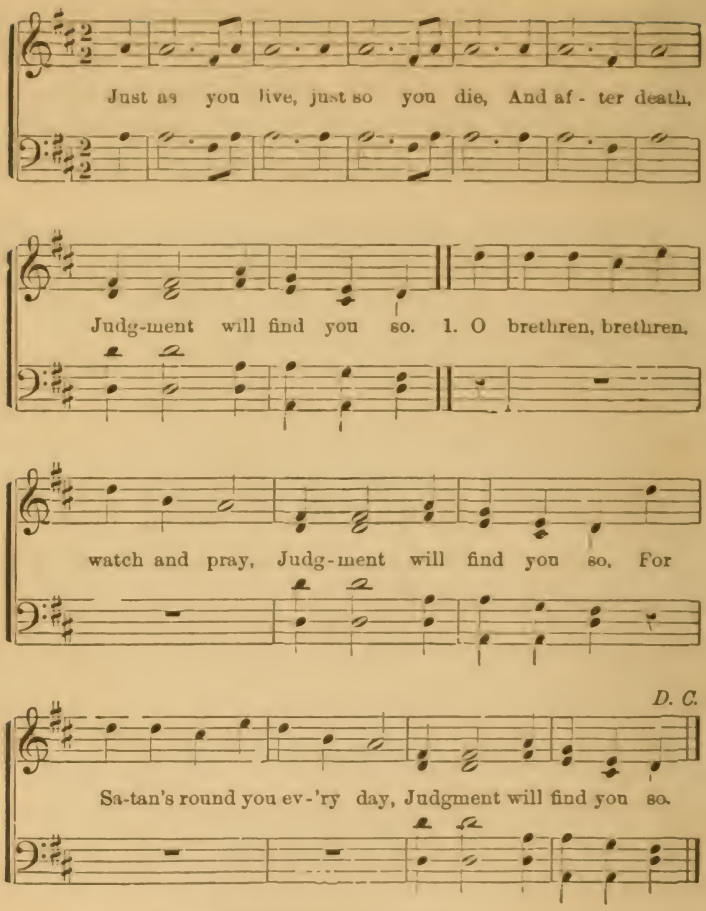


2. I called to my mother, my mother hearkened to me,
   And the last word I heard her say
   Was, Save me, Lord, save me,
   Cho.—And I wish that heav'n was a mine, &c.

3. I called to my sister, my sister hearkened to me, &c.
   Cho.—And I wish that heav'n was a mine, &c.

4. I called to my brother, my brother hearkened to me, &c.
   Cho.—And I wish that heav'n was a mine, &c.

No. 40. Judgment will find you so.



2. The tallest tree in paradise,
   Judgment will find you so;
   The Christian calls the tree of life,
   Judgment will find you so.
   Cho.—Just as you live, &c.

3. Oh! Hallelujah to the Lamb,
   Judgment will find you so;
   The Lord is on the giving hand,
   Judgment will find you so.
   Cho.—Just as you live, &c.

No. 41. He's the Lily of the Valley.

He's the li - ly of the val - ley, Oh! my

Lord; He's the li - ly of the val - ley, Oh, my Lord;

1. King Je - sus in the cha-riot rides, Oh! my Lord; With

D. C.

four white hors-es side by side, Oh! my Lord.

2. What kind of shoes are those you wear,
Oh! my Lord;
That you can ride upon the air,
Oh! my Lord.
Cho.—He's the lily of the valley, &c.

3. These shoes I wear are gospel shoes,
Oh! my Lord;
And you can wear them if you choose,
Oh! my Lord.
Cho.—He's the lily of the valley, &c.

No. 42. Prepare us.

Pre - pare me, Pre - pare me, Lord, Pre - pare me, When

death shall shake this frame. 1. As I go down the

stream of time, When death shall shake this frame, I'll

D. C.

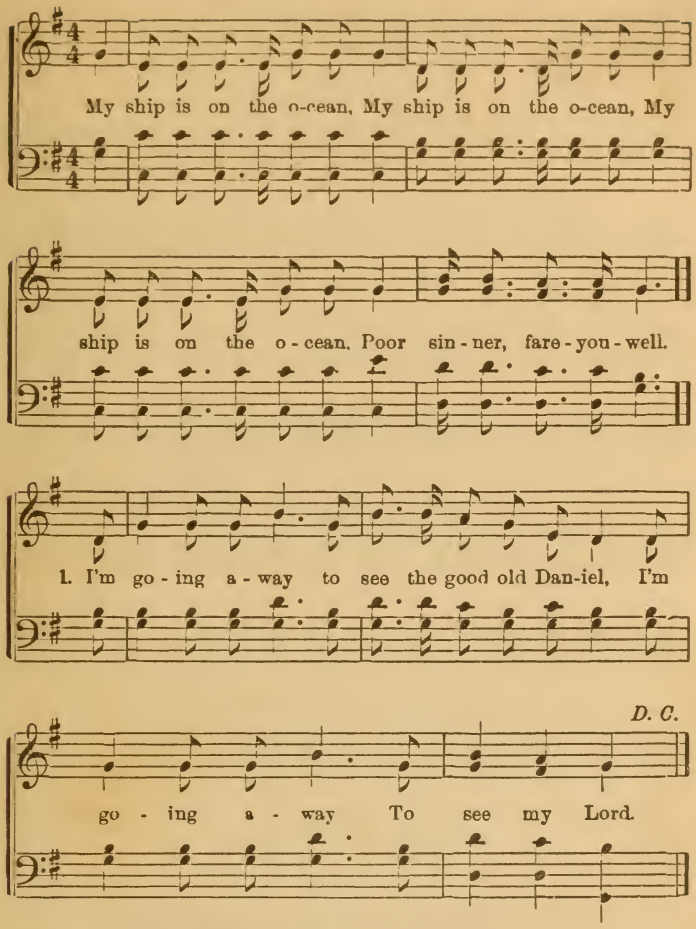
leave this sin-ful world behind, When death shall shake this frame.

2. The man that loves to serve the Lord,
When death shall shake this frame;
He will receive his just reward,
When death shall shake this frame.
Cho.—Prepare me, &c.

3. Am I a soldier of the cross,
When death shall shake this frame;
Or must I count this soul as lost,
When death shall shake this frame.
Cho.—Prepare me, &c.

4. My soul is bound for that bright land,
When death shall shake this frame;
And there I'll meet that happy band,
When death shall shake this frame
Cho.—Prepare me, &c.

No. 43. My Ship is on the Ocean.



2. I'm going to see the weeping Mary,
   I'm going away to see my Lord.
   Cho.—My ship, &c.

3. Oh! don't you want to live in that bright glory?
   Oh! don't you want to go to see my Lord?
   Cho.—My ship, &c.

No. 44. March On.

1. Way o - ver in the E - gypt land, You shall gain the vic - to - ry, Way o - ver in the E - gypt land, You shall gain the day. March on, and you shall gain the vic - to - ry, March on, and you shall gain the day.

Repeat. pp

2. When Peter was preaching at the Pentecost,
   You shall gain the victory ;
   He was endowed with the Holy Ghost,
   You shall gain the day.
   Cho.—March on, &c.

3. When Peter was fishing in the sea,
   You shall gain the victory ;
   He dropped his net and followed me,
   You shall gain the day.
   Cho.—March on, &c.

4. King Jesus on the mountain top,
   You shall gain the victory ;
   King Jesus speaks and the chariot stops,
   You shall gain the day.
   Cho.—March on, &c.

No. 45. My Way's Cloudy.

Oh! breth-er-en, my way, my way's cloud-y, my way, Go

send them an - gels down, Oh! breth-er - en, my way,

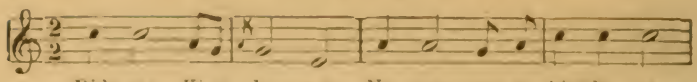
my way's cloud - y, my way, Go send them an-gels down.

1. There's fire in the east and fire in the west. Send them angels down, And
2. Old Sa - tan's mad, and I am glad, Send them angels down, He
3. I'll tell you now as I told you before, Send them angels down, To
4. This is the year of Ju - bi-lee, Send them angels down, The

D. C.

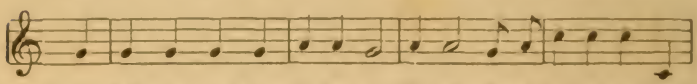
fire a - mong the Meth-o - dist, O send them an-gels down.
missed the soul he thought he had, O send them an-gels down.
the promised land I'm bound to go, O send them an-gels down.
Lord has come and set us free, O send them an-gels down.

No. 46. Ride on, King Jesus.



Ride on, King Je - sus, No man can a hin-der me,

Ride on, King Je - sus, No man can a hinder me.



1. I was but young when I begun, No man can a hinder me, But

D. C.

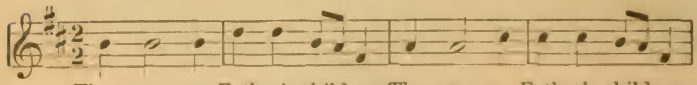
now my race is almost done, No man can a hinder me.

2. King Jesus rides on a milk-white horse,
   No man can a hinder me;
   The river of Jordan he did cross,
   No man can a hinder me.
   Cho.—Ride on, &c.

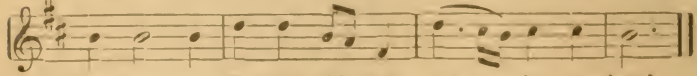
3. If you want to find your way to God,
   No man can a hinder me;
   The gospel highway must be trod,
   No man can a hinder me.
   Cho.—Ride on, &c.

No. 47.

These are my Father's Children.

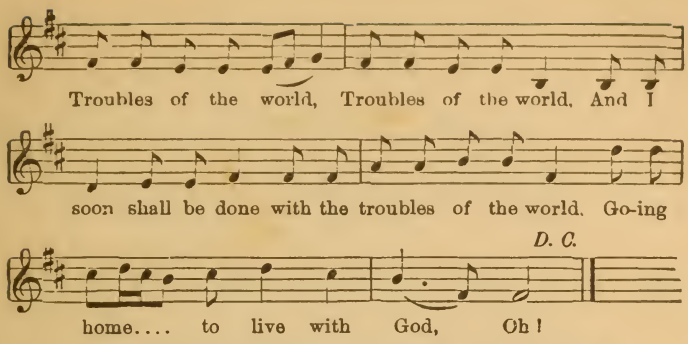


These are my Father's children, These are my Father's children,



These are my Father's chil-dren, All in one band.

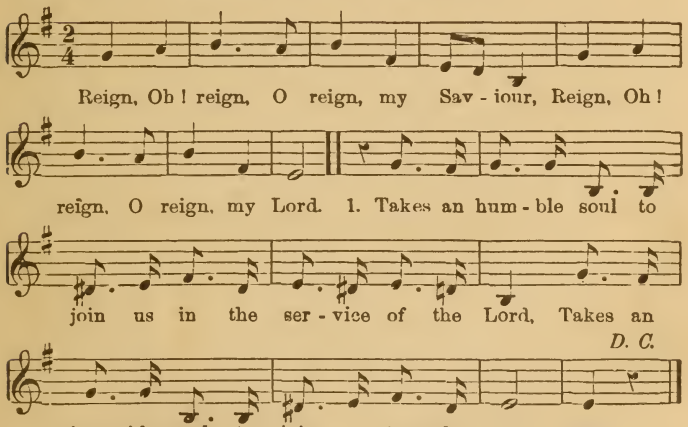
1. And I soon shall be done with the troubles of the world.



2. My brother's done with the troubles of the world, &c.
Cho.—These are my Father's children, &c.

3. My sister's done with the troubles of the world, &c.
Cho.—These are my Father's children, &c.

No. 48. Reign, Oh! Reign.



2. Here's a sinner come to join us in the service of the Lord,
Here's a sinner come to join us in the army.
Cho.—Reign, Oh! reign, &c.

3. Oh! ain't you glad you've joined us in the service of the Lord;
Oh! ain't you glad you've joined us in the army.
Cho.—Reign, Oh! reign, &c.

No. 49. Mary and Martha.

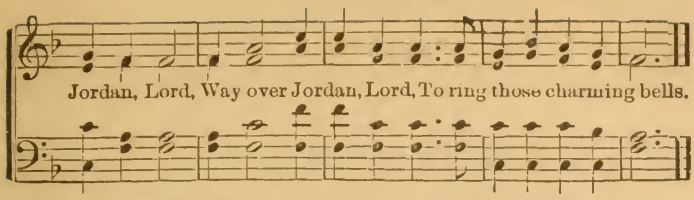
1. Ma-ry and a Martha's just gone 'long, Ma-ry and a Martha's

just gone 'long, Ma - ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long, To

ring those charming bells; Cry-ing free grace and dy - ing love,

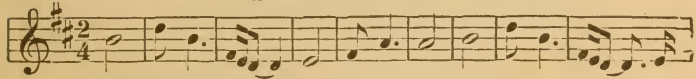
Free grace and dy - ing love, Free grace and dy - ing love, To

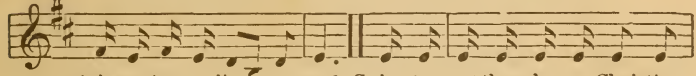
ring those charming bells. Oh! way o-ver Jordan. Lord, Way o - ver

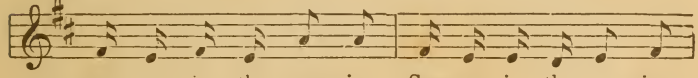


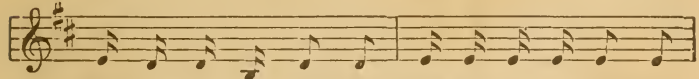
2. The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, &c.
   To ring those charming bells.
   Cho.—Crying, free grace, &c.
3. My father and mother's just gone 'long, &c.
   To ring those charming bells.
   Cho.—Crying, free grace, &c.
4. The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, &c.
   To ring those charming bells.
   Cho.—Crying, free grace, &c.

No. 50. I ain't going to die no more.

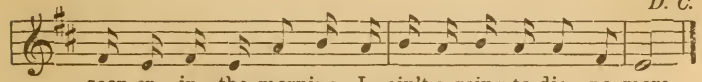






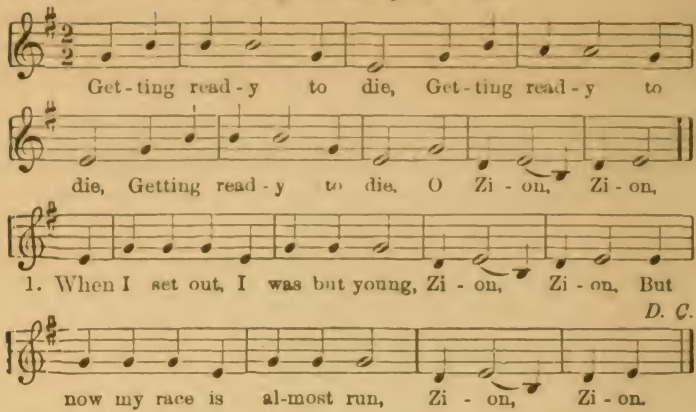


D. C.



2. Going shouting home to glory sooner in the morning, &c.
   Cho.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.
3. Going to wear the starry crown sooner in the morning, &c.
   Cho.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.
4. We'll sing our troubles over sooner in the morning, &c.
   Cho.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.

No. 51. Getting Ready to Die.

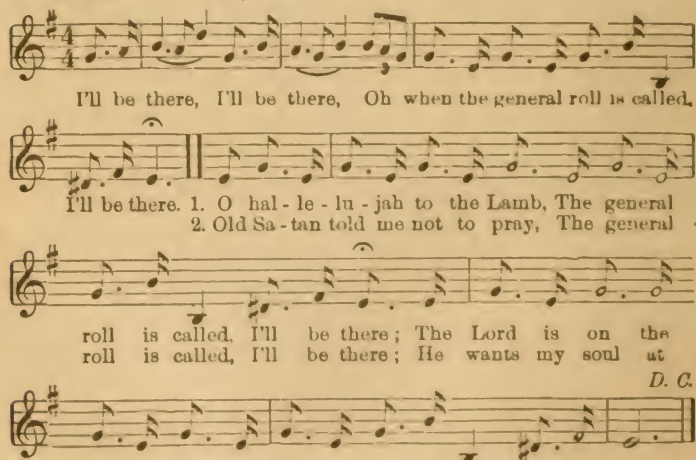


2. Religion's like a blooming rose, Zion, Zion,
And none but those that feel it knows, Zion, Zion.
Cho.—Getting ready to die, &c.

3. The Lord is waiting to receive, Zion, Zion,
If sinners only would believe, Zion, Zion.—*Chorus.*

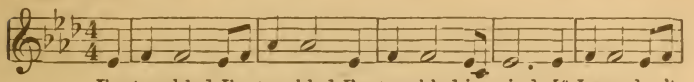
4. All those who walk in Gospel shoes, Zion, Zion,
This faith in Christ they'll never lose, Zion, Zion.—*Chorus.*

No. 52. The General Roll.

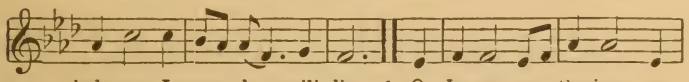


No. 53. I'm Troubled in Mind.

[The person who furnished this song (Mrs. Brown of Nashville, formerly a slave), stated that she first heard it from her old father when she was a child. After he had been whipped he always went and sat upon a certain log near his cabin, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, sang this song with so much pathos that few could listen without weeping from sympathy: and even his cruel oppressors were not wholly unmoved.]

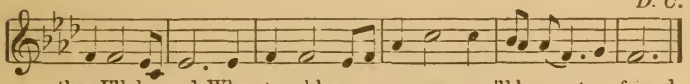


I'm troubled, I'm troubled, I'm troubled in mind, If Jesus don't



help me, I sure-ly will die. 1. O Je-sus, my Saviour, on

D. C.

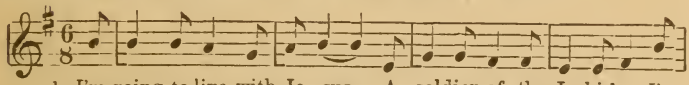


thee I'll depend, When troubles are near me, you'll be my true friend.

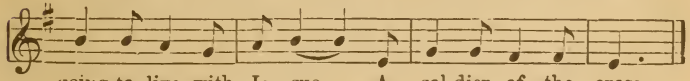
2. When ladened with trouble and burdened with grief,
   To Jesus in secret I'll go for relief.
   Cho.—I'm troubled, &c.

3. In dark days of bondage to Jesus I prayed,
   To help me to bear it, and he gave me his aid.
   Cho.—I'm troubled, &c.

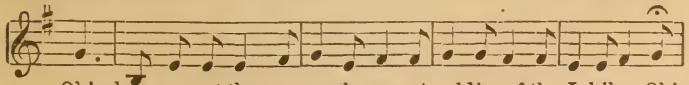
No. 54. I'm going to Live with Jesus.



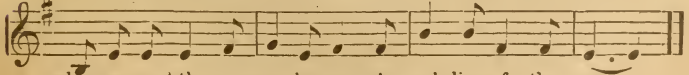
1. I'm going to live with Je-sus, A soldier of the Ju-bi-lee, I'm
2. I've start-ed out for heav-en, A soldier of the Ju-bi-lee, I've
3. I know I love my Je-sus, A soldier of the Ju-bi-lee, I



going to live with Je-sus, A sol-dier of the cross.
start-ed out for heav-en, A sol-dier of the cross.
know I love my Je-sus, A sol-dier of the cross.

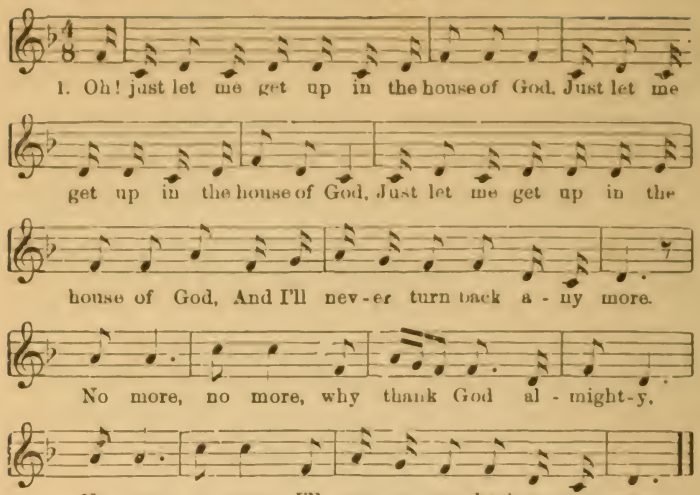


Oh! when you get there remember me, A soldier of the Jubilee, Oh!



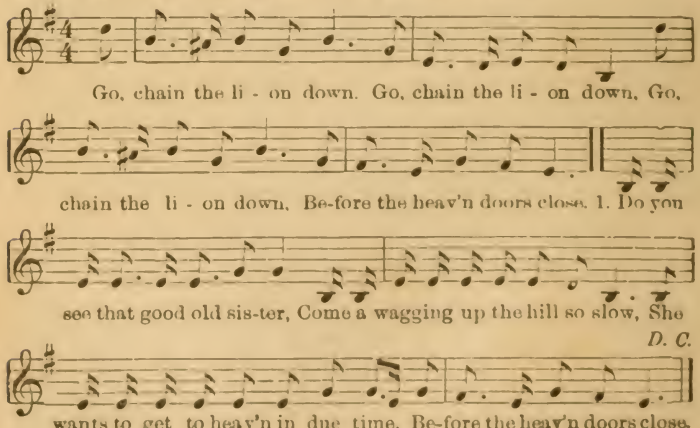
when you get there remember me. A sol-dier of the cross.

No. 55 Oh! let me get up.



2. Oh! just let me get on my long white robe, &c
3. Oh! just let me get on my starry crown, &c.
4. Oh! just let me get on my golden shoes, &c.
5. Oh! the music in the heaven, and it sounds so sweet, &c.

No. 56. Go, chain the Lion down.



2. Do you see the good old Christians? &c.
3. Do you see the good old preachers? &c.

No. 57 When Moses smote the Water.

When Mo-ses smote the wa-ter, The chil-dren all passed

o-ver, When Moses smote the wa-ter, The sea gave a-way.

1. O chil-dren ain't you glad You've left that sin-ful

D. C.

ar-my? O chil-dren ain't you glad The sea gave a-way?

2. O Christians ain't you glad
You've left that sinful army?
O Christians ain't you glad
The sea gave away?
Cho.—When Moses smote, &c.

3. O brothers ain't you glad
You've left that sinful army?
O brothers ain't you glad
The sea gave away?
Cho.—When Moses smote, &c.

No. 58. Oh! Sinner Man.

Oh! sin-ner, Oh! sin-ner man, Oh! sin-ner, Oh!

which way are you go-ing? 1. Oh! come back, sinner, and

don't go there. Which way are you going? For hell is deep, and

D. C

dark des-pair. Oh! which way are you go-ing?

2. Though days be dark, and nights be long,
Which way are you going?
We'll shout and sing till we get home,
Which way are you going?
Cho.—Oh! sinner, &c.

3. 'Twas just about the break of day,
Which way are you going?
My sins forgiven and soul set free,
Which way are you going?
Cho.—Oh! sinner, &c.

No. 59. My good Lord's been here.

My good Lord's been here, been here, been here,

My good Lord's been here, And he's blessed my soul and gone.

1. O brothers, where were you, broth - ers, where were you,

D. C.

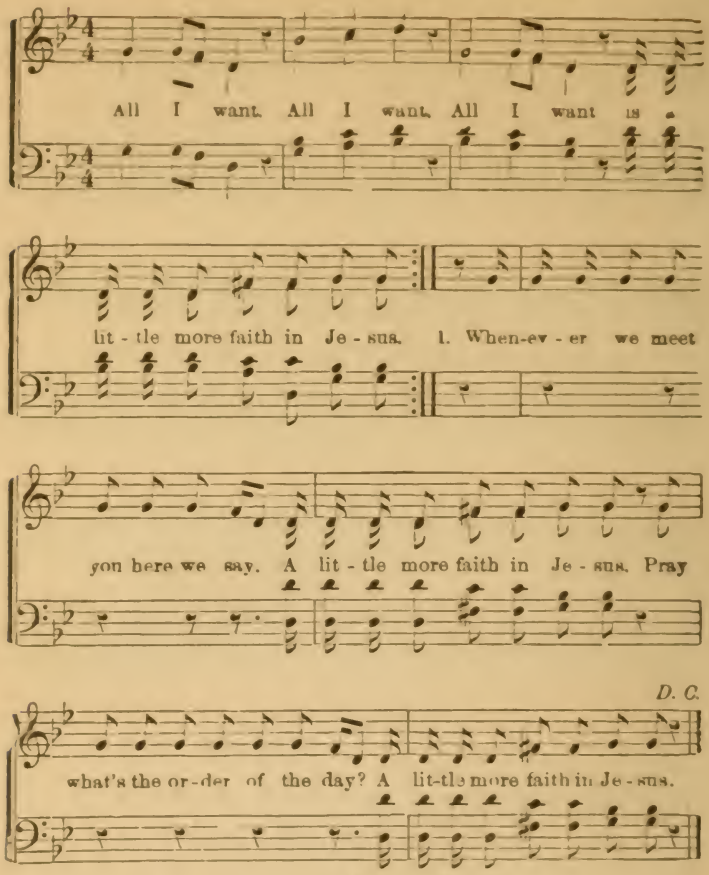
broth - ers, where were you When my good Lord was here?

2. O sinners, where were you, &c.
Cho.—My good Lord's been here, &c.

3. O Christians, where were you, &c.
Cho.—My good Lord's been here, &c.

4. O mourners, where were you, &c.
Cho.—My good Lord's been here, &c.

No. 60. A little more Faith in Jesus.



2.

I tell you now as I told you before,
A little more faith in Jesus.
To the promised land I'm bound to go,
A little more faith in Jesus
Cho.—All I want, &c

3.

Oh! Hallelujah to the Lamb,
A little more faith in Jesus.
The Lord is on the giving hand,
A little more faith in Jesus
Cho.—All I want, &c

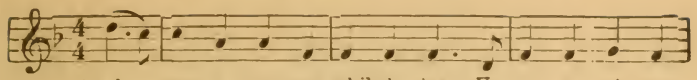
4.

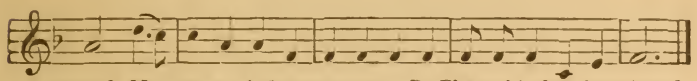
I do believe without a doubt,
A little more faith in Jesus,
That Christians have a right to shout,
A little more faith in Jesus
Cho.—All I want, &c

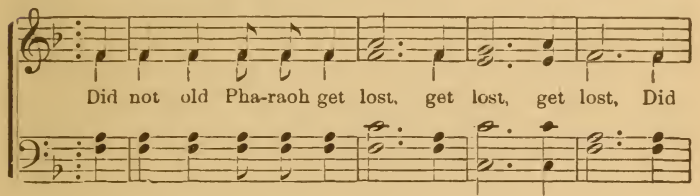
5.

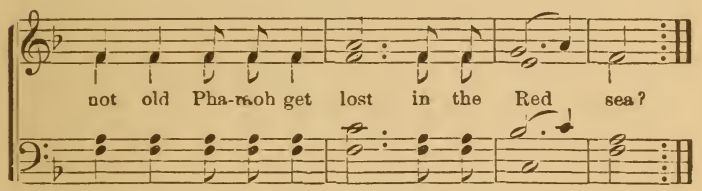
Shout, you children, shout, you're free,
A little more faith in Jesus,
For Christ has bought this liberty,
A little more faith in Jesus
Cho.—All I want, &c

No. 61. Did not old Pharaoh get lost?









2. Joseph, by his false brethren sold,
God raised above them all;
To Hannah's child the Lord foretold
How Eli's house should fall.
Cho.—Did not old Pharaoh, &c.

3. The Lord said unto Moses,
Go unto Pharaoh now,
For I have hardened Pharaoh's heart,
To me he will not bow.
Cho.—Did not old Pharaoh, &c.

4. Then Moses and Aaron,
To Pharaoh did go,
Thus says the God of Israel,
Let my people go.
Cho.—Did not old Pharaoh, &c.

5. Old Pharaoh said who is the Lord,
That I should Him obey?
His name it is Jehovah,
For he hears his people pray.
Cho.—Did not old Pharaoh, &c.

Then Moses numbered Israel,
Through all the land abroad,
Saying, children, do not murmur,
But hear the word of God.
Cho.—Did not old Pharaoh, &c.

7. Hark! hear the children murmur,
They cried aloud for bread,
Down came the hidden manna,
The hungry soldiers fed.
Cho.—Did not old Pharaoh, &c.

8. Then Moses said to Israel,
As they stood along the shore,
Your enemies you see to-day,
You will never see no more.
Cho.—Did not old Pharaoh, &c.

9. Then down came raging Pharaoh,
That you may plainly see,
Old Pharaoh and his host,
Got lost in the Red Sea.
Cho.—Did not old Pharaoh, &c.

10. Then men, and women, and children
To Moses they did flock;
They cried aloud for water,
And Moses smote the rock.
Cho.—Did not old Pharaoh, &c.

11. And the Lord spoke to Moses
From Sinai's smoking top,
Saying, Moses, lead the people,
Till I shall bid you stop.
Cho.—Did not old Pharaoh, &c.

No. 62 Wrestling Jacob.

1. Wrest - ling Ja - cob, Ja - cob, day is a - breaking,

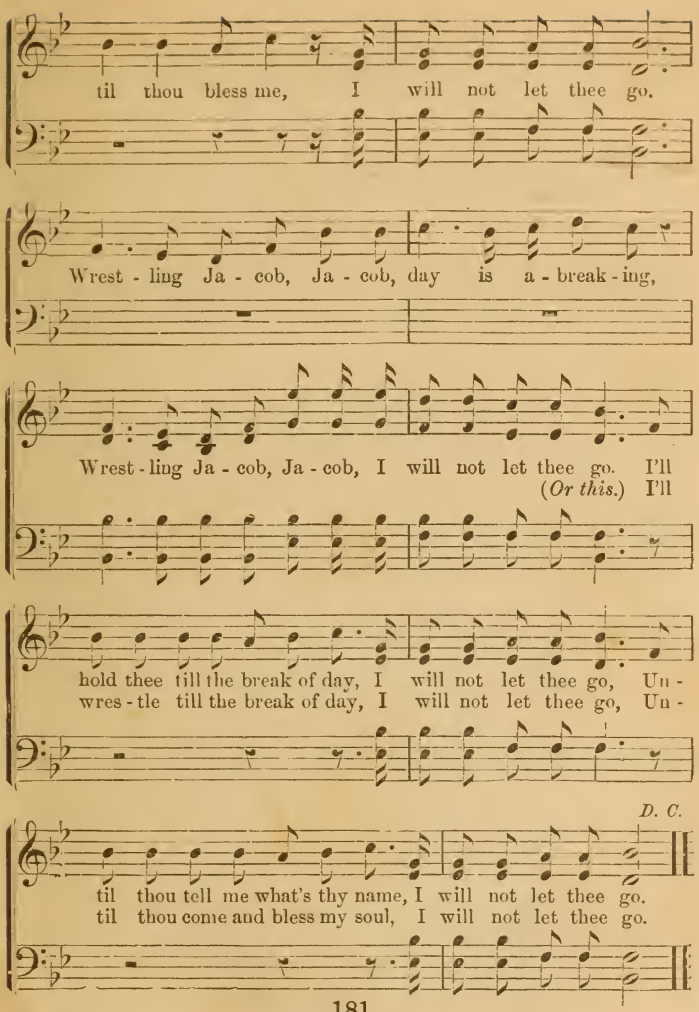
Fine.

Wrest - ling Ja - cob, Ja - cob, I will not let thee go.

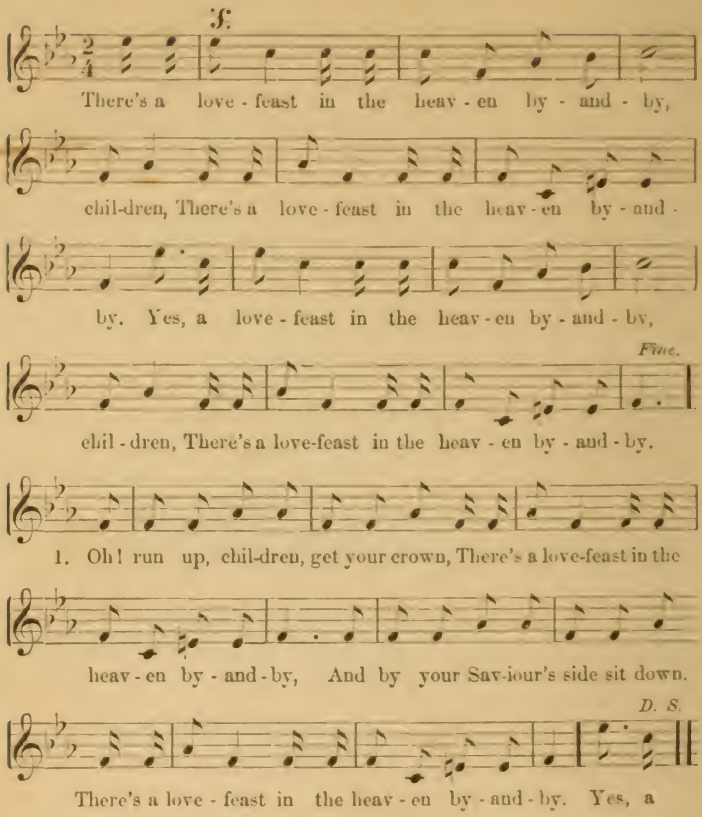
Let me go, Ja - cob. I will not let thee go.

Let me go, Ja - cob. I will not let thee go, Un -

til thou bless me, I will not let thee go; Un -


til thou bless me, I will not let thee go.
Wrest - ling Ja - cob, Ja - cob, day is a - break - ing,
Wrest - ling Ja - cob, Ja - cob, I will not let thee go. I'll
(Or this.) I'll
hold thee till the break of day, I will not let thee go, Un -
wres - tle till the break of day, I will not let thee go, Un -
D. C.
til thou tell me what's thy name, I will not let thee go.
til thou come and bless my soul, I will not let thee go.

No. 63. Love-feast in Heaven.

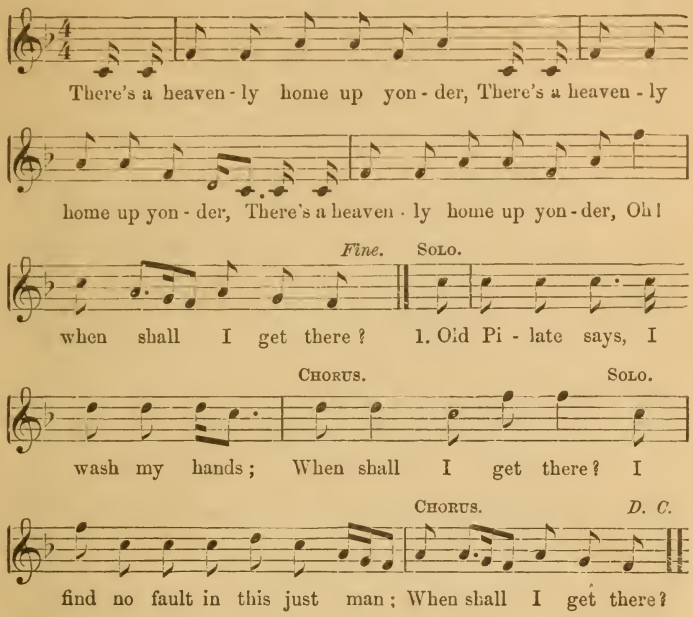


2 Old Satan told me not to pray, &c.
He wants my soul at the Judgment-day, &c.

3 Oh, brethren, and sisters, how do you do, &c.
And does your love continue true, &c.

4 Oh, brethren, brethren, how do you know, &c.
Because my Jesus told me so, &c.

No. 64. When shall I get there.



2 John and Peter ran to see,
When shall I get there?
But Christ had gone to Galilee,
When shall I get there?

3 Paul and Silas bound in jail,
When shall I get there?
They sang and prayed both night and day,
When shall I get there?

4 I'm bred and born a Methodist,
When shall I get there?
I carry the witness in my breast,
When shall I get there?

No. 65. There's a Meeting here To-night

Get you rea - dy, there's a meet - ing here to-night, Come a -

long, there's a meet-ing here to-night; I know you by your

Fine.

dai - ly walk, There's a meeting here to-night. 1. Camp-meeting

down in the wilderness, There's a meeting here to - night; I

D. C.

know it's among the Methodists, There's a meeting here to-night.

2 Those angels wings are tipped with gold, &c.
That brought glad tidings to my soul, &c.

3 My father says it is the best, &c.
To live and die a Methodist, &c.

4 I'm a Methodist bred and a Methodist born, &c.
And when I'm dead there's a Methodist gone, &c.

No. 66. Farewell, my Brother.

Farewell, my brother,* farewell for-ev - er, Fare you well, my broth-er, now, For I am go - ing home. Oh good-bye, good-bye, For I am bound to leave you, Oh good-bye, good-bye, for I am going home.

D. C.

After Da Capo sing this:
Shake hands, shake hands, for I am bound to leave you,
Oh, shake hands, &c.

* *Or Sister.*

No. 67. Inching along.

[Attention is called to the appropriateness of the melody for the expression of these singular words. It is all embraced within the first three tones of the scale, and thus may be said to be itself not more than an inch long.]

CHORUS.

Keep a inch-ing a - long, Keep a inch-ing a - long;

Je - sus will come by'nd-bye; Keep a inch - ing a - long like a

Fine. SOLO.

poor inch-worm, Je-sus will come by'nd-bye. 1. 'Twas a inch by inch I

CHORUS. SOLO.

sought the Lord, Je - sus will come by'nd-bye. And a

CHORUS. *D. C.*

inch by inch He blessed my soul, Je - sus will come by'nd-bye.

2 The Lord is coming to take us home,
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.
And then our work will soon be done,
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.

3 Trials and troubles are on the way,
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.
But we must watch and always pray,
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.

4 We'll inch and inch and inch along,
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.
And inch and inch till we get home
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.

No. 68. I ain't got weary yet.

And I ain't got wea-ry yet, And I ain't got wea-ry yet; Been

down in the val-ley so long, And I ain't got wea - ry yet.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. Been praying for the sinner so long, And I ain't got wea-ry yet;

DUET. *D. C*

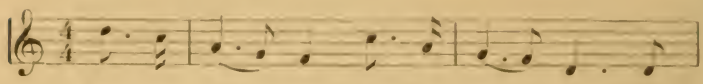
Been praying for the sin-ner so long, And I ain't got wea-ry yet.

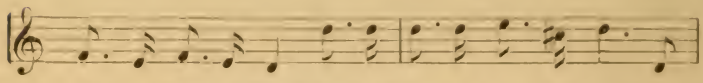
2 Been praying for the mourner so long, &c.

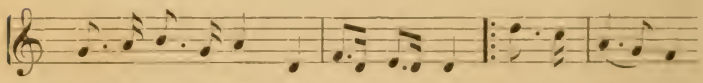
3 Been going to the sitting-up so long, &c.

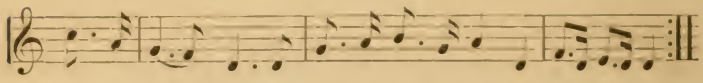
No. 69. Run to Jesus.

[This song was given to the Jubilee Singers by Hon. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, at Washington, D. C., with the interesting statement, that it first suggested to him the thought of escaping from slavery.]









2 Oh, I thought I heard them say,
There were lions in the way.
I don't expect, etc.

3 Many mansions there will be,
One for you and one for me.
I don't expect, etc.

No. 70. Angels waiting at the Door.

1. My sis - ter's took her flight and gone home, And the
2. She has laid down her cross and gone home, And, &c.
3. She has taken up her crown and gone home, And, &c.

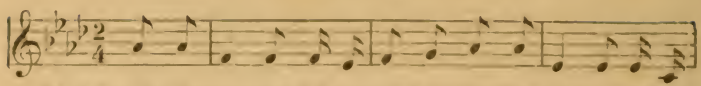
an - gel's wait-ing at the door. My sis - ter's took her

flight and gone home, And the angels waiting at the door.

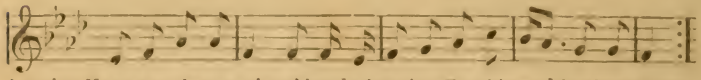
Tell all my fa-ther's children, Don't you grieve for me;

Tell all my fa - ther's children, Don't you grieve for me.

No. 71. Keep your Lamps trimmed.

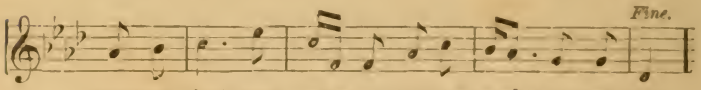


Keep your lamps trimmed and a-burning, Keep your lamps trimmed and a-

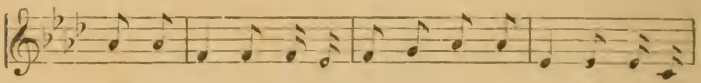


burning, Keep your lamps trimm'd and a-burning, For this work's almost done

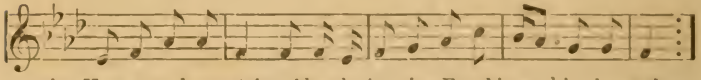
Brothers, don't grow wea - ry, Brothers, don't grow wea-ry,
Preachers, &c.



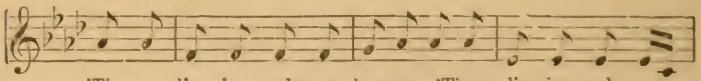
Brothers, don't grow wea - ry, For this work's al-most done.



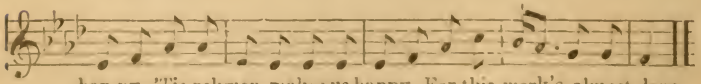
Keep your lamps trimmed and a-burning, Keep your lamps trimmed and a-



burning, Keep your lamps trimm'd and a-burning, For this work's almost done.



'Tis re - lig - ion makes us hap - py, 'Tis re - lig - ion makes us
We are climbing Ja - cob's lad-der, &c.
Ev - ery round goes higher and higher, &c.



hap-py, 'Tis religion, makes us happy, For this work's almost done.

No. 72. Show Me the Way.

1. Bro-ther, have you come to show me the
2. Sis ter, have you come to show me the
3. Yes, . . my good Lord, . . show me the

1. way? Bro - ther, have you come to
2. way? Sis - ter, have you come to
3. way? Yes, . . . my good Lord, . . .

1. show me the way? Show me the
2. show me the way? Show me the
3. show me the way, Show me the

way how to watch and pray.

No. 73. I've been Redeemed.

I've been re - deem'd, ... I've been re -

I've been re-deem'd, I've been re-deem'd, I've been re

- deem'd, ... I've been re - deem'd, ... I've been re -

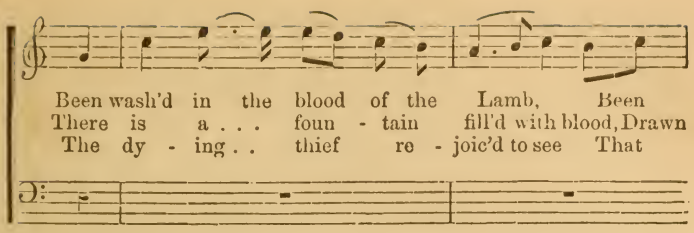
-deem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been re -

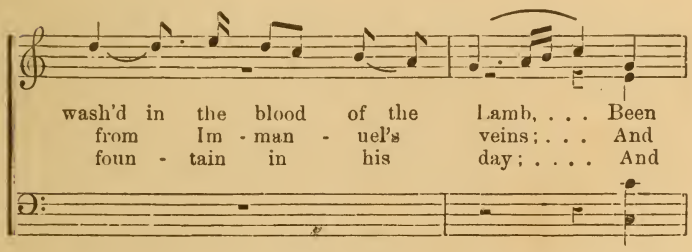
- deem'd, ... I've been re - deem'd, ... I've been re -

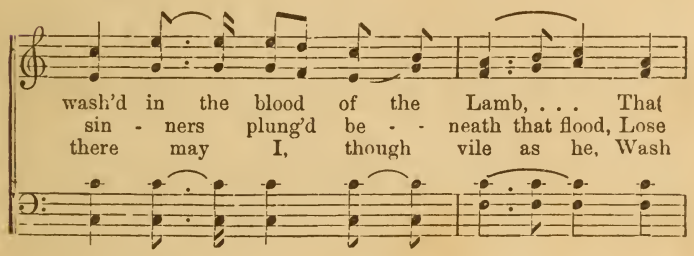
- deem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been re -

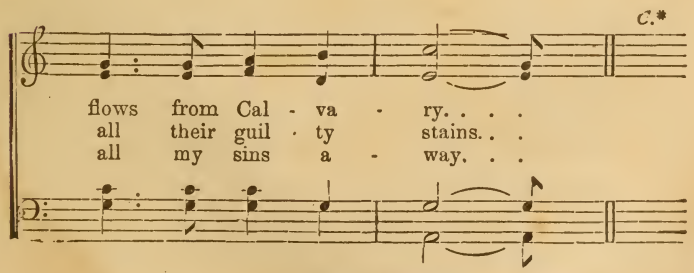
- deem'd, ... FINE.

deem'd, I've been redeem'd, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.









* Da Capo in exact time.

No. 74. We shall walk thro' the Valley.

We shall walk thro' the valley and the shadow of death, We shall

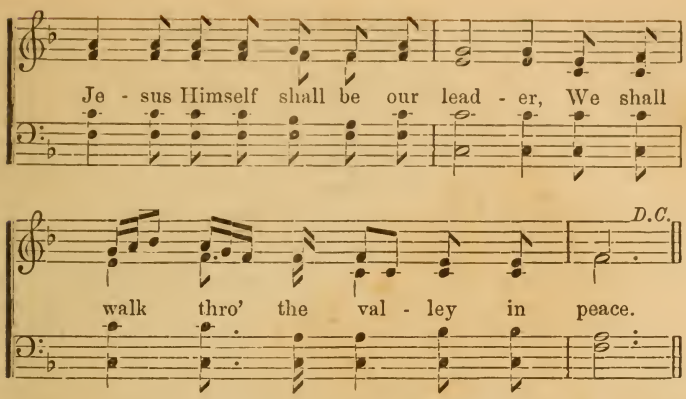
walk thro' the valley in peace. If Jesus Himself shall be our

FINE.

lead - er, We shall walk thro' the val - ley in peace.

We shall meet those Christians there, meet them there, We shall

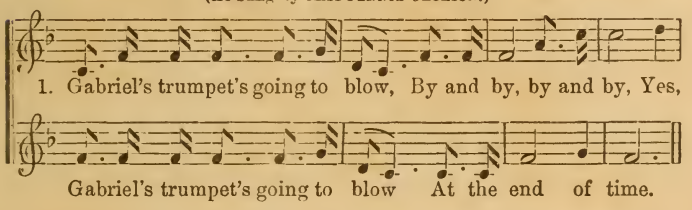
meet those Chris - tians there, meet them there. If



2 There will be no sorrow there, If Jesus Himself shall be our leader
There will be no sorrow there, We shall walk thro' the valley in [peace
CHORUS—We shall, &c.

No. 75. Gabriel's Trumpet's going to Blow.

(As sung by Miss JENNIE JACKSON.)



2.
Oh, get you all ready for to go
By and by, by and by,
O, get you all ready for to go
At the end of time.

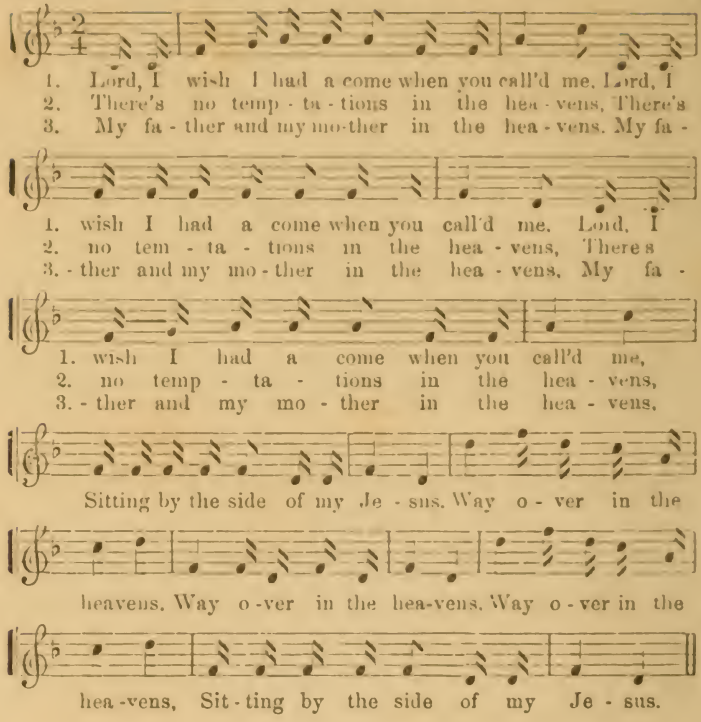
3.
Then my Lord will say to Gabriel,
By and by, by and by,
Go, get you down your silver trum- [pet,
At the end of time.

4.
The first sounding of the trumpet for the righteous
By and by, by and by,
First sounding of the trumpet for the righteous,
At the end of time.

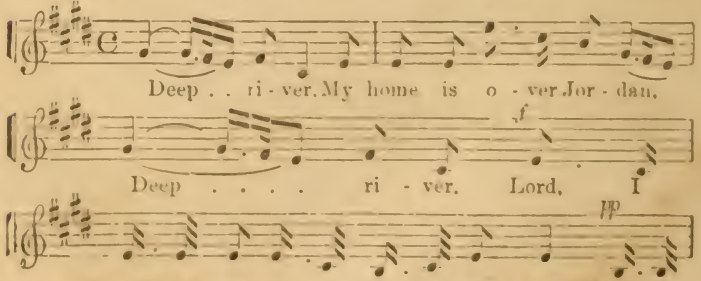
5.
Go, wake the sleeping nations,
By and by, by and by,
Go, wake the sleeping nations,
At the end of time.

6.
Then, poor sinner, what will you [do'
By and by, by and by,
You'll run for the mountains to hide you,
At the end of time.

No. 76. Lord, I wish I had a come.



No. 77. Deep River.



want to cross o - ver in - to camp ground, Lord, I

pp

want to cross o - ver in - to camp ground, Lord, I

FINE.

want to cross o - ver in - to camp ground.

1. Oh, don't you want to go to that Gos - pel-feast, That
2. I'll go in - to hea-ven, and take my seat,
3. Oh, when I get to heav'n, I'll walk all a - bout. There's

f

1. pro - mis'd land where all is peace? Lord, I
2. Cast my crown at Je - sus' feet. Lord, I
3. nobody there for to turn me out. Lord, I

pp

want to cross o - ver in - to camp ground, Lord, I

f

want to cross o - ver in - to camp ground, Lord, I

pp

want to cross o - ver in - to camp ground, Lord, I

D.C.

want to cross o - ver in - to camp ground.

No. 78. In Bright Mansions Above.

In bright mansions above, In bright mansions above, Lord, I

FINE.

want to live up yon-der, In bright man-sions a - bove.

1. My father's gone to glory;
2. My brother's gone to glory;
3. The Christian's gone to glory;

I want to live there too, Lord, I

D.C.

want to live up yon-der, In bright man-sions a - bove.

No. 79. My Lord, what a Mourning.

My Lord, what a mourning, My Lord, what a mourning,

My Lord, what a mourning, When the stars begin to fall. { 1. You'll 2. You'll 3. You'll

hear the trumpet sound To wake the na-tions un-der ground,
hear the sin-ner mourn, To wake the na-tions un-der ground,
hear the Christian shout, To wake the na-tions un-der ground,

Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.

No. 80. We are climbing the hills of Zion.

(As sung by Miss Jennie Jackson.)

Slowly.

We are climbing the hills of Zi-on, the hills of Zi-on, the

hills of Zi-on, We are climbing the hills of Zi - on,

With Je - sus in our souls. { 1 Oh, brethren, do get rea-dy,
2. Oh, seek - er, do get rea-dy,
3. Oh, sin - ner, do get rea-dy,

Oh, breth-ren, do get rea-dy. Oh, breth - ren,
Oh, seek - er, do get rea-dy, Oh, seek - er,
Oh, sin - ner, do get rea-dy, Oh, sin - ner,

do get rea - dy, With Je - sus in your souls.

No. 81. Oh, wasn't that a wide River?

Oh, wasn't that a wide ri - ver, ri ver of

Jor - dan, Lord? wide ri - ver! There's

1st. 2nd.

one more ri-ver to cross. cross.

1. Oh, the ri-ver of Jor-dan
2. I have some friends be-
3. Shout, shout,
4. Old Satan is a

is so wide,
- fore me gone,
Satan's a - bout,
snake in the grass,

One more ri - ver to

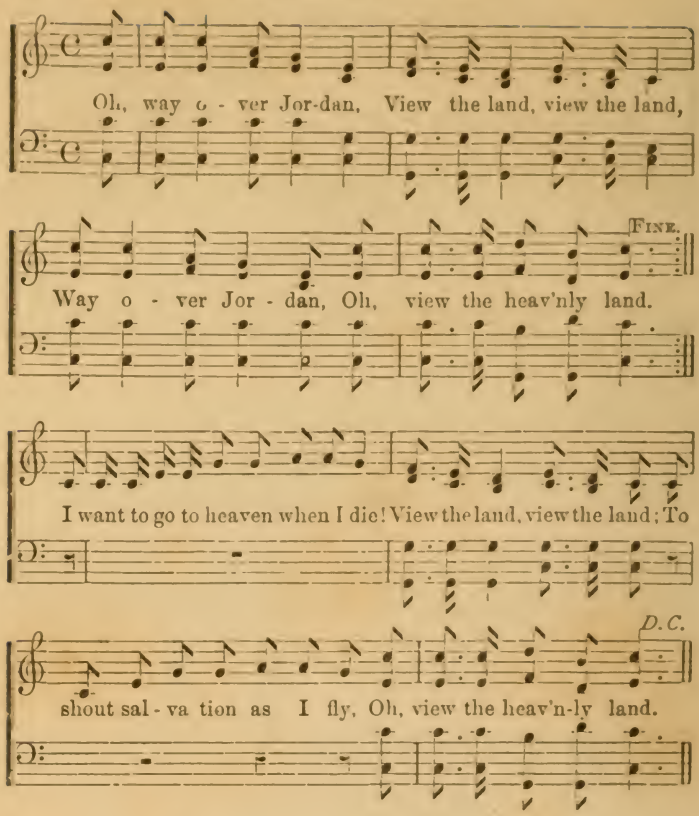
cross; I . . . don't know how to get on the
cross; By the grace of . . . God I'll . .
cross; Shut your door and
cross; If . . you don't mind he'll get

D.C.

o - ther side;
fol - low on;
keep him out;
you at last;

One more ri - ver to cross.

No. 82. Way over Jordan.



2.

Old Satan's mad, and I am glad,
View the land, view the land;
He miss'd that soul he thought he had,
O view the heav'nly land.
Oh, way over Jordan, &c.

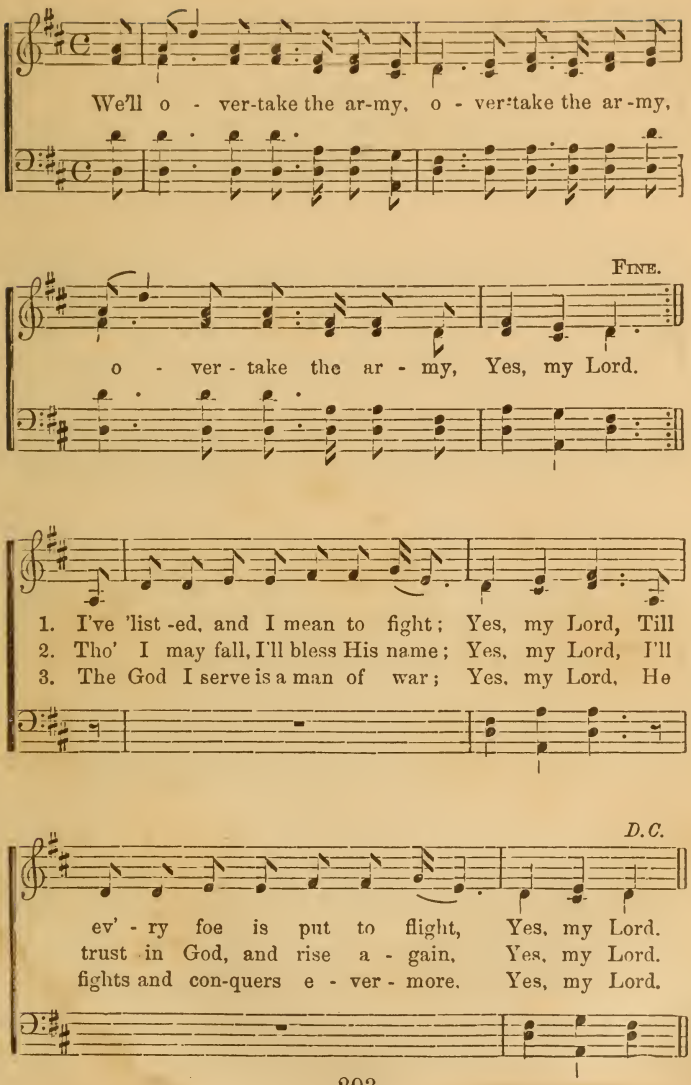
3.

You say you're aiming for the skies,
View the land, view the land;
Why don't you stop your telling lies?
O view the heav'nly land.
Oh, way over Jordan, &c.

4.

You say your Lord has set you free,
View the land, view the land;
Why don't you let your neighbours be?
O view the heav'nly land.
Oh, way over Jordan, &c.

No. 83. We'll overtake the Army.



No. 84. We are almost Home.

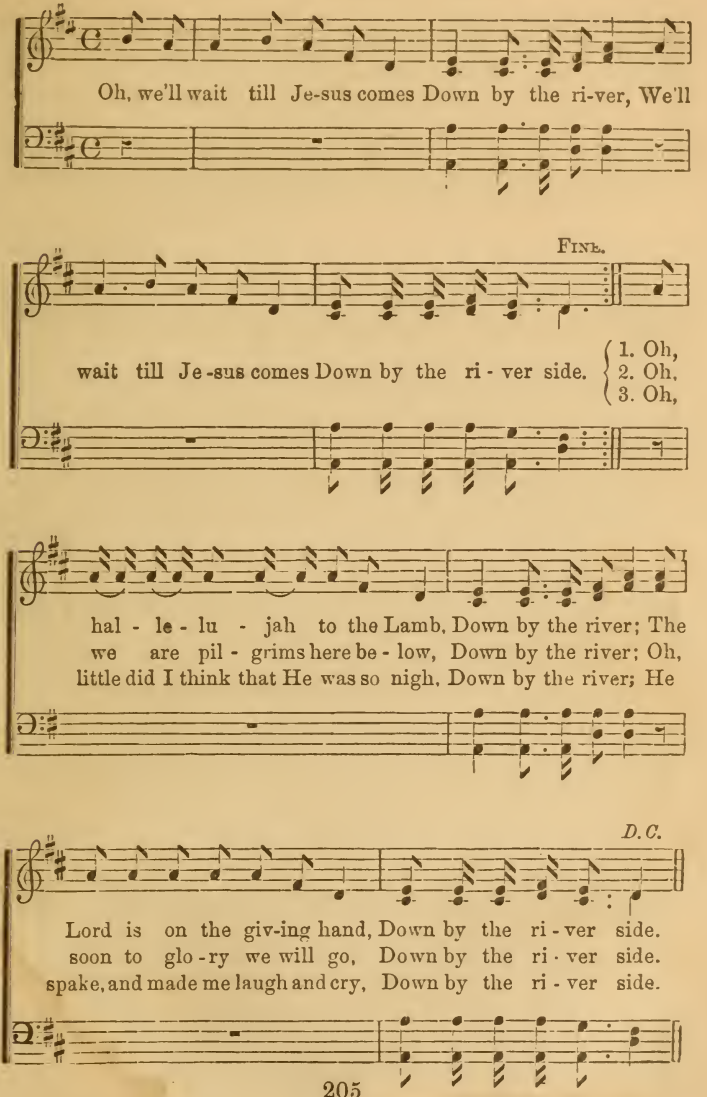
We are al - most home, We are al - most home, We are

al - most home to ring those charm-ing bells. { 1. Oh, 2. Oh,

come along, brothers, come along, come along, brothers, come along,
come along, sis-ters, come along, come along, sis-ters, come along,

come along, brothers, come along, To ring those charming bells.
come along, sis-ters, come along, To ring those charming bells.

No. 85. Down by the River.



No. 86. Wait a Little While.

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the new song,

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the new song. 1. My

FINE.

heavenly home is bright and fair, We will sing the new song, No

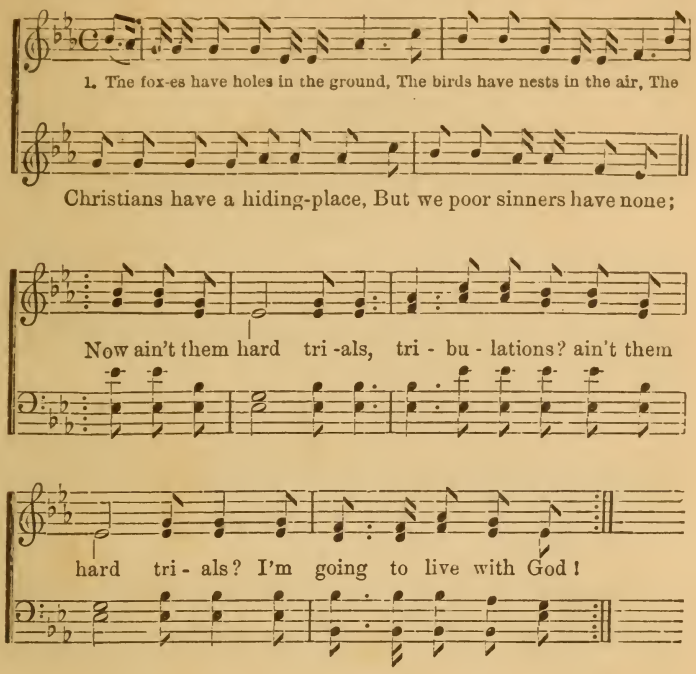
2. Jesus my Lord to heav'n is gone, We will sing the new song, He

pain or sor - row en - ter there; We will sing the new song.

whom I fix my hopes up - on, We will sing the new song.

D.C.

No. 87. Hard Trials.



2 Old Satan tempted Eve,
And Eve, she tempted Adam;
And that's why the sinner has to pray so hard
To get his sins forgiven.

3 Oh, Methodist, Methodist is my name,
Methodist till I die;
I'll be baptized on the Methodist side,
And a Methodist will I die.

4 Oh, Baptist, Baptist is my name,
Baptist till I die;
I'll be baptized on the Baptist side,
And a Baptist will I die,

5 While marching on the road,
A hunting for a home,
You had better stop your different names,
And travel on to God.

No. 88. He rose from the Dead.

He rose, He rose, He

He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He

He rose, He rose,

rose, He rose, He

rose, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He

He rose.

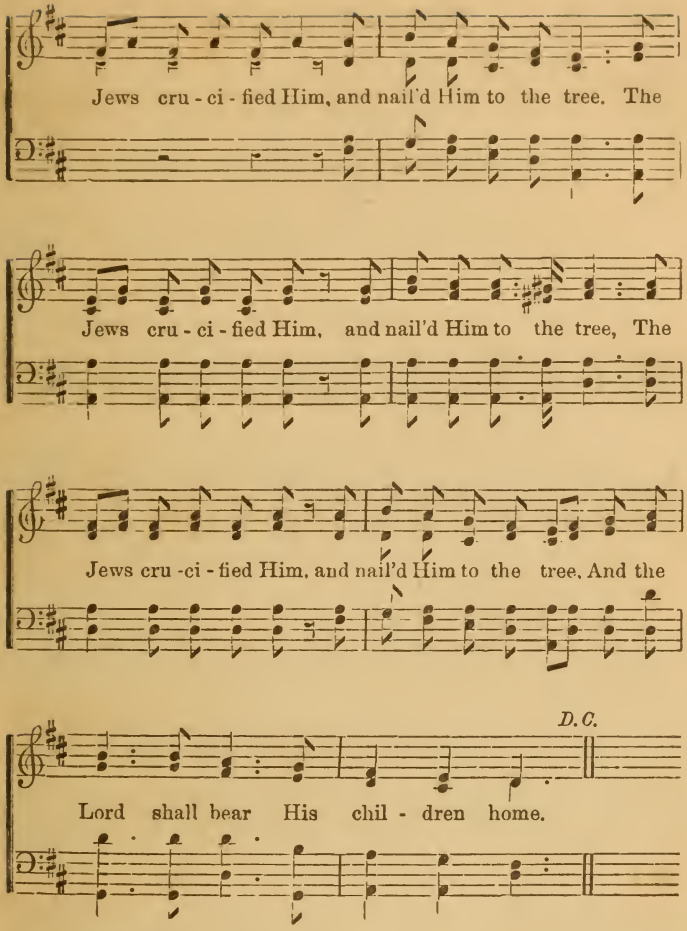
rose. He rose,

rose, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead. And the

He rose,

FINE.

Lord shall bear His chil - dren home. 1. The

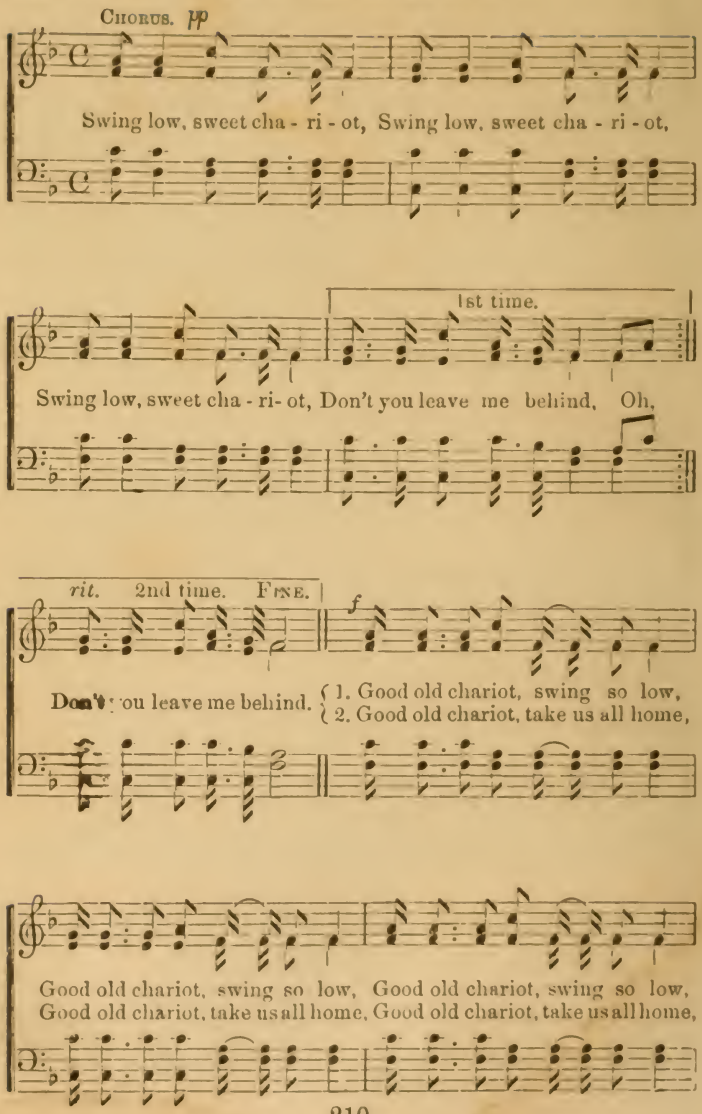


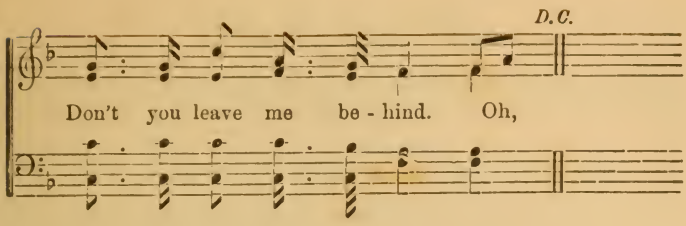
2 Joseph begged His body, and laid it in the tomb,
And the Lord shall bear His children home.

3 Down came an angel, and rolled the stone away,
And the Lord shall bear His children home.

4 Mary, she came weeping, her Lord for to see,
But Christ had gone to Galilee.

No. 89. Good old Chariot.

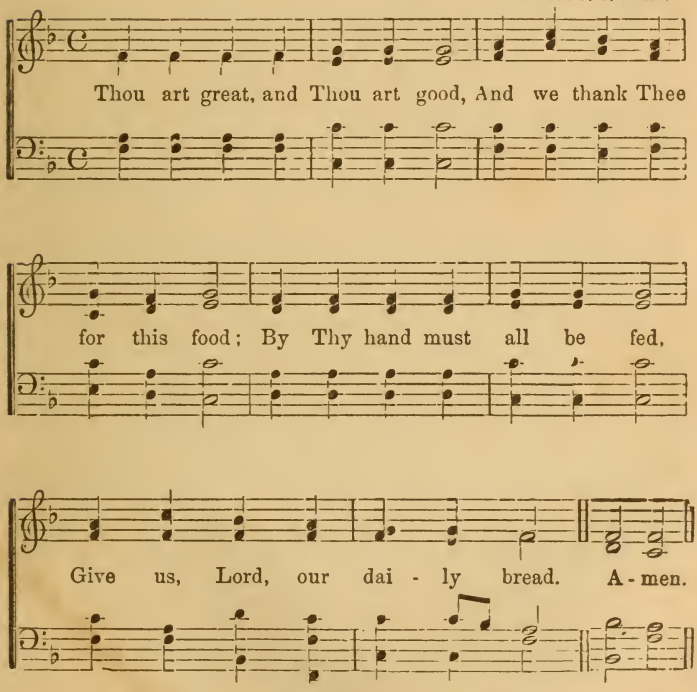




No. 90. Grace.

The following "Grace before Meat" is printed at the request of numerous friends of the Jubilee Singers.

Arr. from P. P. BLISS.



No. 91. Oh yes! Oh yes!

1. { I come this night for to sing and pray, Oh yes! oh yes! To
{ That heav'nly home is bright and fair, Oh yes! oh yes! But

drive old Sa-tan far a - way, Oh yes! oh yes!
ve - ry few can en - ter there, Oh yes! oh yes!

Oh, wait till I get on my robe, Wait till I get on my robe,

Wait till I get on my robe, Oh yes! oh yes!

2 As I went down in the valley to pray, Oh yes!
I met old Satan on the way, Oh yes!
And what do you think he said to me, Oh yes!
"You're too young to pray, and too young to die," Oh yes!

3 If you want to catch that heavenly breeze, Oh yes!
Go down in the valley on your knees, Oh yes!
Go, bow your knees upon the ground, Oh yes!
And ask your Lord to turn you round, Oh yes!

No. 92. A Happy New Year.

What a hap-py new year, What a hap-py new year, What a

FINE.

hap - py, what a hap - py, what a hap-py new year.

1. I'm run-ning thro' grace To that hap - py place; Thro'

D.C.

grace I'm de - ter - min'd To see my Lord's face.

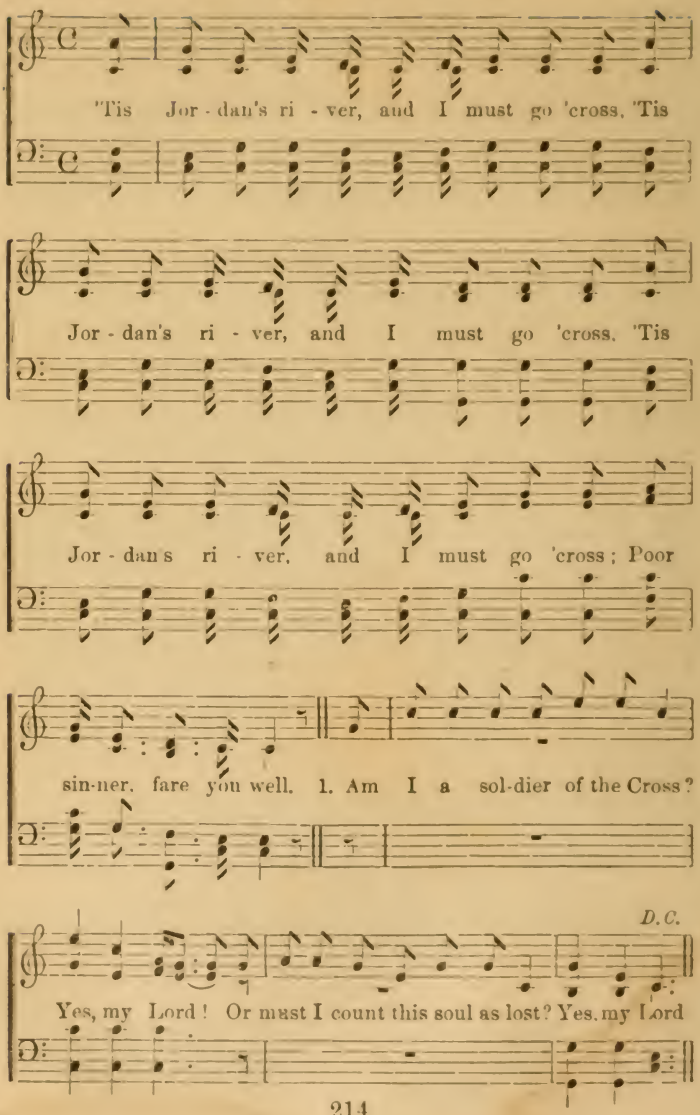
2.

One thing I do find,
I'll keep it in mind,
He won't live in glory
And leave me behind.

3.

O sinner, believe
Christ will you receive.
For all things are ready,
And you stand in need.

No. 93. 'Tis Jordan's River.

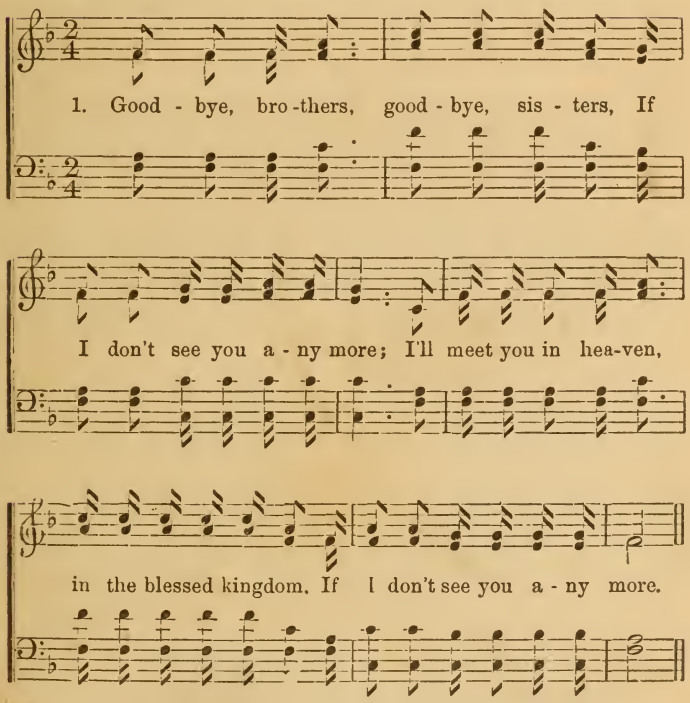


2 As I go down the stream of time, Yes, my Lord !
I leave this sinful world behind, Yes, my Lord !

3 Old Satan thinks he'll get us all, Yes, my Lord !
Because in Adam we did fall, Yes, my Lord !

4 If you want to see old Satan run, Yes, my Lord !
Just shoot him with a Gospel-gun, Yes, my Lord !

No. 94. Good-bye, Brothers.



2 We'll part in the body, we'll meet in the spirit,
If I don't see you any more;
So now God bless you, God bless you,
If I don't see you any more.
Then good-bye, brothers, &c.

No. 95. Don't you Grieve after Me.

1. Oh, who is that a coming? Don't you grieve af ter me. Oh,

who is that a com-ing? Don't you grieve af - ter me, Oh,

who is that a coming? Don't you grieve af- ter me, Lord, I

don't want you to grieve af - ter me.

2 It looks like Gabriel, don't you grieve after me,
Lord, I don't want you to grieve after me.

3 Oh, who is that behind him? don't you grieve after me,
Lord, I don't want you to grieve after me.

4 It looks like Jesus, don't you grieve after me,
Lord, I don't want you to grieve after me.

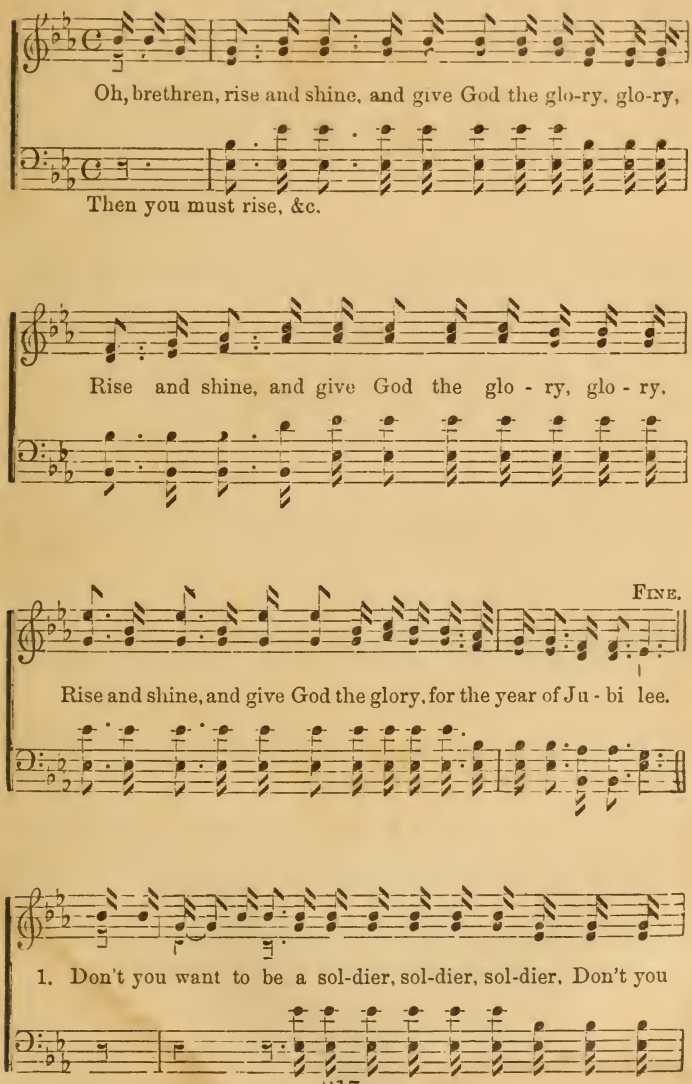
5 Go, blow your trumpet, Gabriel, don't you grieve after me,
Lord, I don't want you to grieve after me.

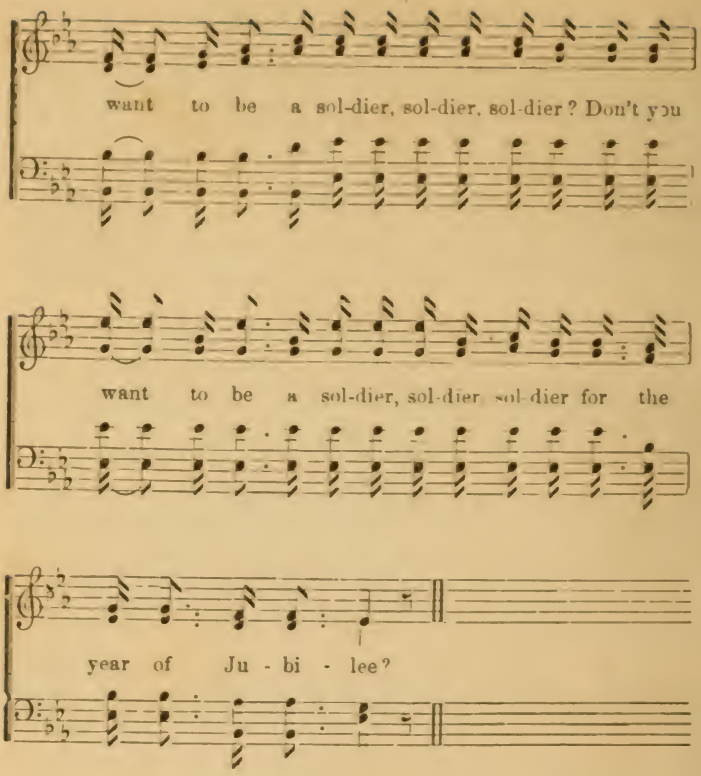
6 How loud must I blow it? don t you grieve after me,
Lord, I don't want you to grieve after me.

7 Loud as seven claps of thunder! don t you grieve after me,
Lord, I don't want you to grieve after me

8 To wake the sleeping nations, don t you grieve after me,
Lord, I don't want you to grieve after me.

No. 96. Rise and Shine.





2 Do you think I will make a soldier.
For the year of Jubilee?

3 Yes, I think you will make a soldier.
For the year of Jubilee!

Sing the three verses in succession, and after the third verse go back to the beginning, and sing the words, "Then you must rise," &c.

No. 97. Now we take this Feeble Body.

This hymn is much used at funerals, and especially while bearing the body and lowering it into the grave.

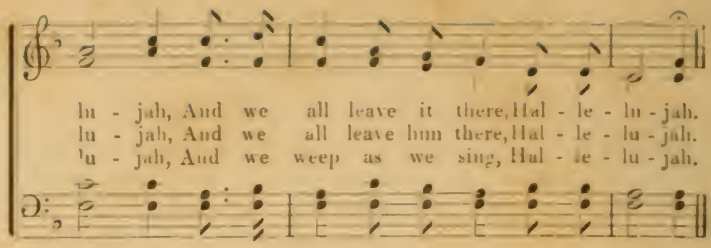
1. Now we take this fee - ble bo - dy, And we
2. Now we take this dear old fa - ther, And we
3. Now we lift our mourn - ful voi - ces, As we

car - ry it to the grave, And we all leave it there, Hal - le-
car - ry him to the grave, And we all leave him there, Hal - le-
gather around the grave, And we weep as we sing, Hal - le-

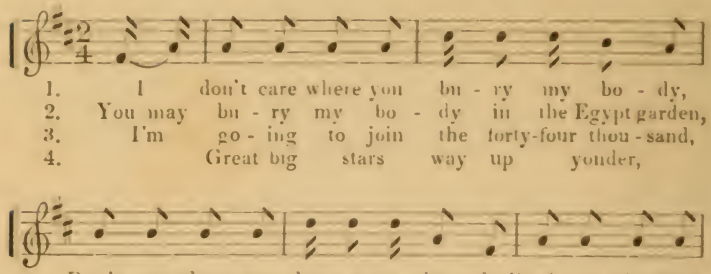
lu - jah, And a Hal-le - lu - jah, and a Hal-le - lu - jah, And we
lu - jah, And a Hal-le - lu - jah, and a Ha'-le - lu - jah, And we
lu - jah, And a Hal-le - lu - j h, and a Ha'-le - lu - jah, And we

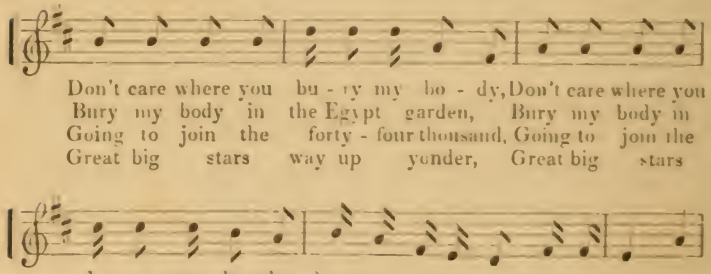
pp

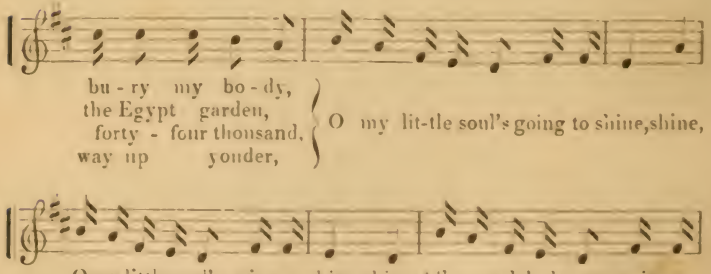
all leave it there, Halle-lu-jah, And a Hal-le - lu - jah, and a Hal-le-
all leave him there, Hallelujah, And a Hal-le - lu - jah, and a Hal-le-
weep as we sing, Halle-lu - jah. And a Hal-le - lu - j h, and a Hal-le-

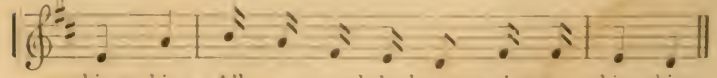


No. 98. Shine, Shine.









No. 99. Anchor in the Lord.

Anchor, be-liev-er, anchor, an-chor in the Lord,

FINE

Throw your anchor any way, an-chor in the Lord.

1. Throw it to my dear mother's door,
2. Throw it to my dear father's door,
3. Throw it to my dear sister's door,
} An-chor in the Lord.

Throw it to my dear mother's door,
Throw it to my dear father's door,
Throw it to my dear sister's door,
} An-chor in the Lord.

King Je - sus says he will come a - gain, An - chor in the
King Je-sus makes the cripple to walk.
King Je-sus makes the blind to see.

Lord, King Jesus says he will come again, An-chor in the Lord.
King Jesus makes the cripple to walk,
King Jesus makes the blind to see,

D.C.

No. 100. Lord's Prayer.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,
Give us this day our daily bread,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,

Thy kingdom come,
thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,
And forgive us our tres-
passes, as we forgive them that trespass a-gainst us,
For thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. A-men.

No. 101. John Brown's Body.

Sing the verses in the order in which they are numbered. Do not sing the chorus after the third verse, but go at once to the fourth, and then close with the chorus.

1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave,
3. John Brown died that the slave might be free,
*1. Now has come the glo-rious ju - bi - lee,

John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown died that the slave might be free,
Now has come the glo-rious ju - bi - lee,

John Brown's bo-dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, But his
John Brown died that the slave might be free, But his
Now has come the glo-rious ju - bi - lee, When all

soul's marching on.
soul's marching on.
man - kind are free.

Glo - ry, glo - ry Hal - le-

* The words of the fourth verse do not correspond fully to the notes, but the adaptation can be easily made by the singer.

lu-jah, Glo-ry, glo-ry Ha-le- lu-jah, Glo-ry, glo-ry Hal-le-

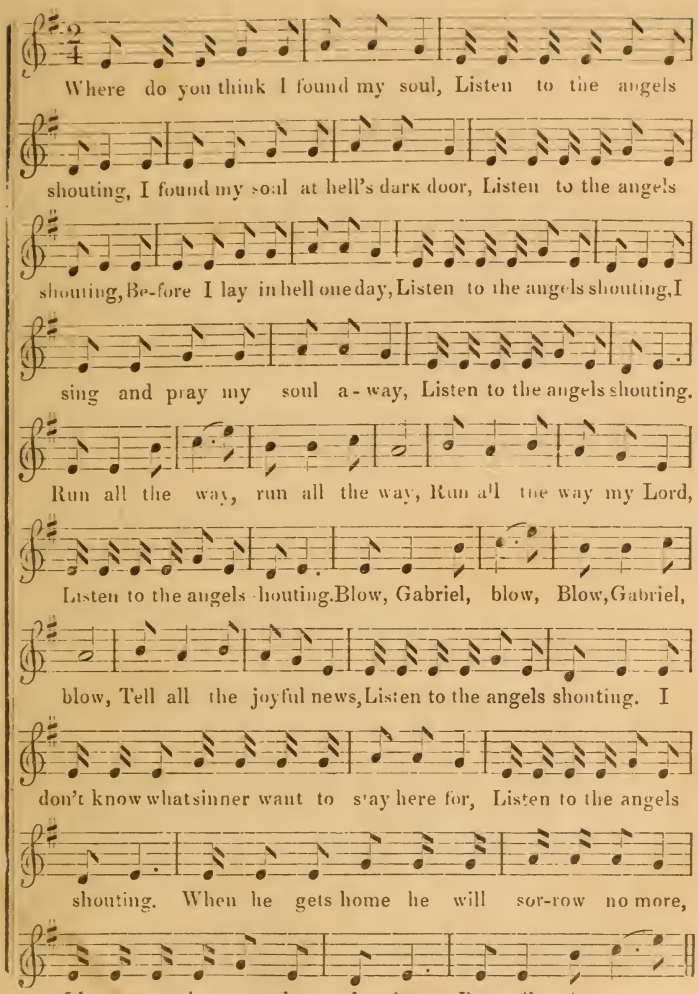
lujah, His soul's marching on. 2. He captured Harper's Ferry with his

nineteen men so true, And he frightened old Vir-gi-nia till she

trembled through and through. They hung him for a traitor, them-

selves the traitor crew, But his soul's marching on.

No. 102. Listen to the Angels.



Brethren, will you come to the promised land, *See arch, etc.*
Come all and sing with the heavenly band, *See arch, etc.*

No. 103. Move along.

Let us move along, move along, move along to the

heavenly home, Let us move along, move along I am

FINE.

bound to meet you there. { 1. We are on the ocean
2. Yon-der see the golden
3. There we'll meet our friends in

sailing, And a - while must face the stormy blast, But if
city, And the light-house gleaming on the shore, Hear the
Jesus, Who are wait - ing on the golden shore, With a

D.C.

Jesus is our cap tain, We will make the port at last.
angels sweetly singing, Soon our journey will be o'er.
shout of joy they'll greet us, When we meet to part no more.

No. 104. The Angels changed my Name.

1. I went to the hill side, I went to pray, I
2. I looked at my hands and my hands were new, I

know the an - gels done changed my name, Done
know the an - gels done changed my name, I

changed my name for the co n - ing day, Thank
looked at my feet and my feet were too, Thank

CHORUS.

God the angels done changed my name. } Done
God the angels done changed my name. }

changed my name for the coming day, I know the angels done

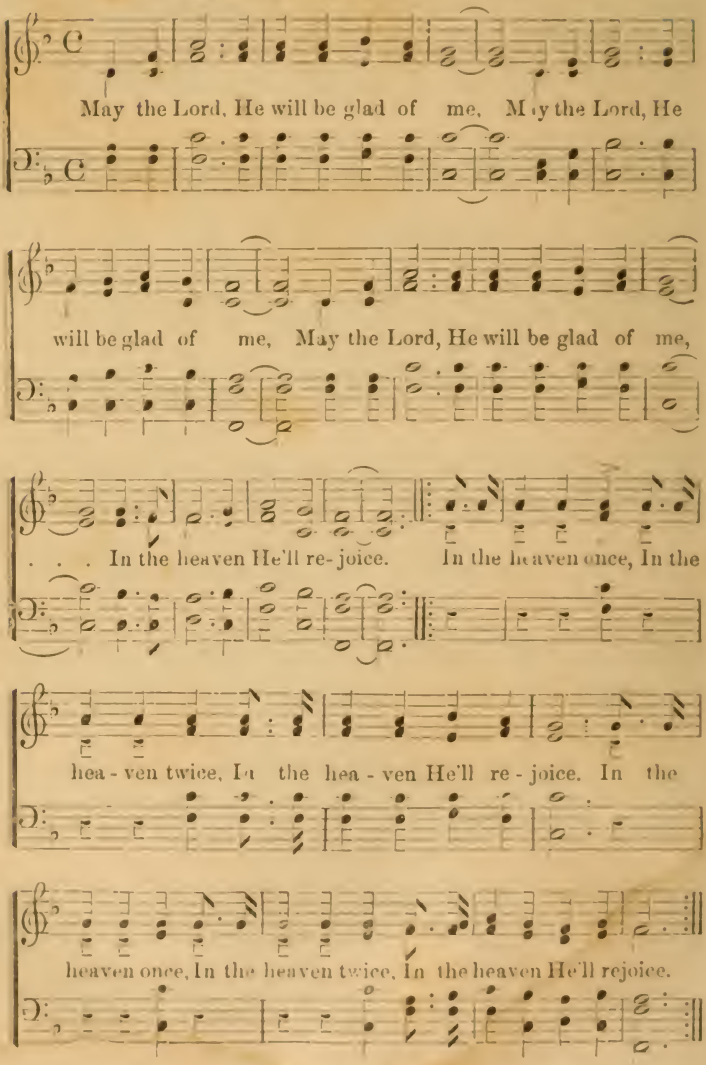
changed my name, Done changed my name for the

coming day, Thank God the angels done changed my name.

No. 105.

Bright Sparkles in the Churchyard.

As Sung by the "Hampton Students."



Duo—*Soprano and Tenor.*

Bright spar-kles in the churchyard Give light un-to the tomb,

Trio—1*st and* 2*nd Soprano and Alto.*

Bright summer, Spring's o - ver, Sweet flow-ers in their bloom.

Quartette.

Bright spar-kles in the churchyard Give light un - to the

tomb, Bright summer, Spring's o-ver, Sweet flowers in their bloom.

Tutti.

My mo-ther once, my mo-ther twice, my mo-ther, she'll re -

1st

- joice; In the hea-ven, once, in the hea-ven, twice, In the

time. 2nd time.

hea-ven she'll re - joice, In the hea-ven she'll re - joice.

p

Mother, rock me in the cra-dle all the day, . . . Mother,
all the day,

rock me in the cra - dle all the day. . . Mo-ther,

rock me in the cra - dle all the day, ... Mo-ther,
all the day,

rock me in the cra - dle all the day,

QUARTETTE.

All the day, ... all the day, ... Oh,
all the day, all the day,

rock me in the cra -dle all the day, . . . all the day, all the

day, all the day, Oh, rock me in the
all the day,

cra dle all the day. Oh, mother, don't you love your darling

1st time. 2nd time.

child. Oh, rock me in the cra-dle all the day. . . . day.

ff

Mo-ther, rock me in the cra-dle, Mother, rock me in the

1st time.

cra-dle, Mother, rock me in the cra -dle all the day, . . .

2nd time. QUARTETTE.

Mo-ther, day, All the day, . . . all the day, . . .
all the day, all the

. . . Oh, rock me in the cra - dle, all the day, . . .
day.

all the day, all the day, Oh,
all the day, . . . all the day, . . .

p

rock me in the cra - dle all the day. You may

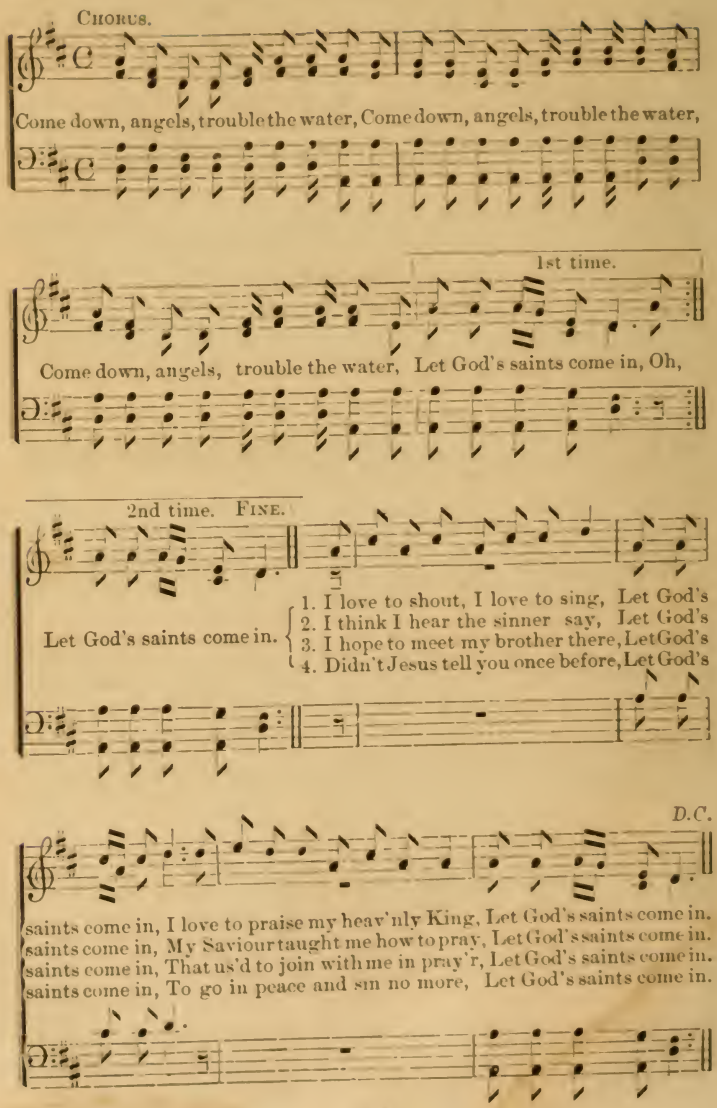
lay me down to sleep, my mother dear, Oh. rock me in the cradle all the

day. . . . You may lay me down to sleep, my mother dear,

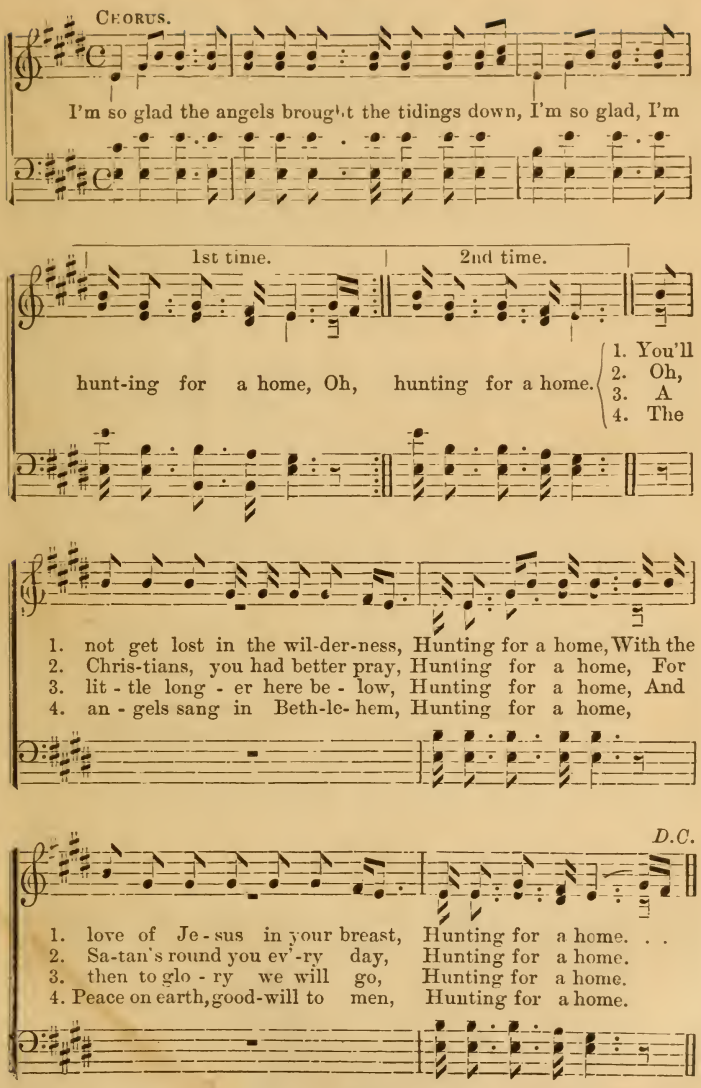
Dim - in - u - en - do.

. . . Oh, rock me in the cra - dle all the day. . . . . .
all the day.

No. 106. Come down, Angels.



No. 107. I'm so Glad.



No. 108. Peter, go Ring them Bells.

1. Oh, Peter, go ring them bells, Peter, go ring them bells, Peter, go

To Chorus after D.C.

ring them bells, I heard from heaven to-day. I wonder where my

mo-ther is gone, I won-der where my mo-ther is gone, I

D.C.

wonder where my mother is gone, I heard from heaven to-day.

CHORUS.

I heard from heaven to-day, I heard from heaven to- day, I

Fine.

thank God, and I thank you too, I heard from heaven to - day.

2.

I wonder where sister Mary's gone—
  I heard from heaven to-day;
I wonder where sister Martha's gone—
  I heard from heaven to-day;
It's good news, and I thank God—
  I heard from heaven to-day;
Oh, Peter, go ring them bells—
  I heard from heaven to-day.
    CHORUS.—I heard from heaven, &c.

3.

I wonder where brother Moses gone—
  I heard from heaven to-day;
I wonder where brother Daniel's gone—
  I heard from heaven to-day;
He's gone where Elijah has gone-
  I heard from heaven to-day;
Oh, Peter, go ring them bells—
  I heard from heaven to-day.
    CHORUS.—I heard from heaven, &c.

No. 109. Gideon's Band.

Oh, the band of Gid-e-on, band of Gid-e-on, band of Gid-e-on,
Oh, the milk-white horses, milk-white horses, milk-white horses,

o - ver in Jor-dan, Band of Gid - e -on, band of Gid - e -on,
o - ver in Jor-dan, Milk-white hors - es, milk-white hors - es,

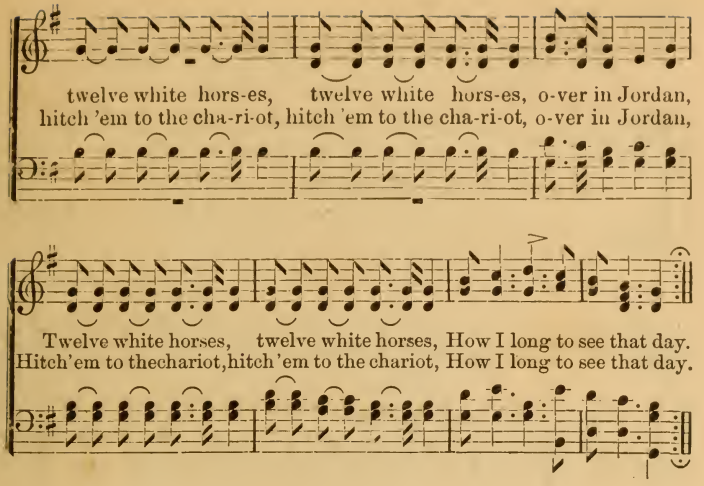
DUET.

How I long to see that day. 1. I hail to my sis-ter, my

sis-ter she bow low, Say, don't you want to go to hea - ven?

CHORUS.

How I long to see that day. { Oh, the twelve white hors-es,
{ Oh, hitch 'em to the chariot,



DUET.—I hail to my brother, my brother he bow low,
Say, don't you want to go to heaven?
How I long to see that day!
CHORUS.—Oh, ride up in the chariot, ride up in the chariot,
Ride up in the chariot over in Jordan;
Ride up in the chariot, ride up in the chariot,
How I long to see that day!
It's a golden chariot, a golden chariot,
Golden chariot over in Jordan;
Golden chariot, a golden chariot—
How I *long* to see that day!

DUET.—I hail to the mourner, the mourner he bow low,
Say, don't you want to go to heaven?
How I long to see that day!
CHORUS.—Oh, the milk and honey, milk and honey,
Milk and honey over in Jordan;
Milk and honey, milk and honey—
How I long to see that day!
Oh, the healing water, the healing water,
Healing water over in Jordan;
Healing water, the healing water—
How I *long* to see that day!

No. 110.

In that Great Getting-up Morning.

As Sung by the "Hampton Students."

1. I'm a-going to tell you about the com-ing of the Saviour,

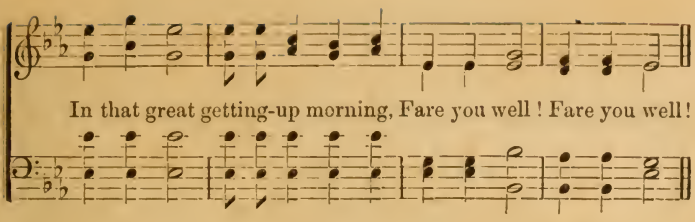
1st time. | 2nd time.

Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well!

There's a better day a-coming, Fare you well! Fare you well!
Prayer - makers, pray no more,

Oh, preachers, fold your Bibles, Fare you well! Fare you well!
For the last soul's con-vert-ed,

In that great getting-up morning, Fare you well! Fare you well!



2.

The Lord spoke to Gabriel:
Go look behind the altar,
Take down the silver trumpet,
Blow your trumpet, Gabriel.
Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
Blow it right calm and easy,
Do not alarm My peop'e,
Tell them to come to judgment;
Gabriel, blow your trumpet.
Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
Loud as seven peals of thunder!
Wake the sleeping nations.

3.

Then you'll see poor sinners rising;
Then you'll see the world on fire;
See the moon a-bleeding,
See the stars falling,
See the elements melting.
See the forked lightning,
Hear the rumbling thunder;
Earth shall reel and totter.
Then you'll see the Christians rising;
Then you'll see the righteous marching,
See them marching home to heaven.
Then you'll see my Jesus coming
With all His holy angels,
Take the righteous home to heaven,
There they'll live with God for ever.

I know that my Redeemer lives.

No. 111.

Oh, I know, I know, my Lord, I know, and I know that my Redeemer lives.

Just stand right still, & steady yourself, I
Oh, Da-niel in the li-on's den, I
Oh, Caleb and Joshua, the very ones, I
Just watch that sun, and see how it runs, I

know that my Re-deemer lives.

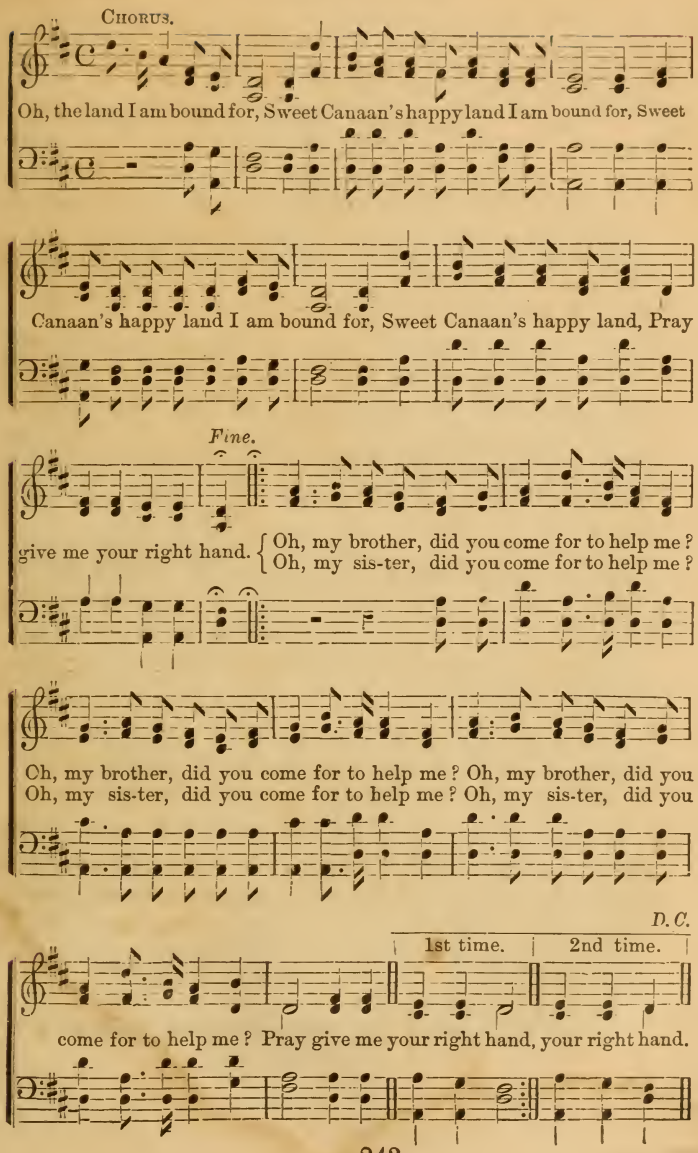
Oh, just let me tell you about the
Oh, none but Je-sus is
That prayed to God for to
Oh, don't let it catch you with your

D. C.

God Him-self,
Daniel's friend,
stop the sun,
work undone,

I know that my Re-deem-er lives.

No. 112. Sweet Canaan.



THE

JUBILEE SINGERS IN THE NETHERLANDS.

THE Jubilee Singers are now completing a tour of eight weeks in the Netherlands, which constitutes one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the Singers—a history which has been beautifully characterised as a "romance of Providence and grace."

With the exception of the successful concert given at Geneva in August last, during the summer rest, at which Père Hyacinth presided, this is the first experiment among a people who do not speak the English language.

A concert tour on the continent had often been considered and discussed, and was regarded as one of the future possibilities; but success seemed very doubtful, and those having the responsibility had not decided to venture upon the experiment. But in His own time, by a signal providence, the way was opened up by Him whose guiding hand had so constantly led the Singers in the midst of perplexity and uncertainty.

A few days after the public inauguration of the

movement for raising the ten thousand pounds to build Livingstone Hall, Mr. G. P. Ittmann, jun., of Rotterdam, being in London on business, saw in the *Times* the advertisement of a concert by the Jubilee Singers, and decided to attend it. He was so touched by their singing, and so impressed by the object for which the Singers were labouring, that he came forward at the close of the concert, and, introducing himself to the President of the University, invited the Singers to Holland, giving assurance of his readiness to do all in his power to assist them. Correspondence, and an interview in Rotterdam, led to the understanding that the Singers should visit the Netherlands the following winter or spring, if such arrangements could be made as would give a reasonable prospect of success.

Voluntarily undertaking the responsibility of making these preparatory arrangements, Mr. Ittmann entered upon the work with a degree of enthusiasm, energy, and practical ability that is rarely equalled. The Rev. Cohen Stuart, D.D., well known in England and America by his writings, was heartily enlisted in the cause of the Singers. The "Story" and other documents were not only distributed in English, but were soon translated into the Dutch language, and brought within reach of the people. In securing a translator a wiser selection could not have been made. The Rev. Adama van Scheltema gave not only an admirable translation of the "Story," but also of the songs themselves. He also became one of our wisest counsellors, and rendered most efficient assistance,

not only in the work in Amsterdam, but in the whole of the Netherlands.

The selection of a publisher was equally fortunate. Mr. A. van Oosterzee, of Amsterdam, published an edition of "The Story of the Jubilee Singers," which yielded a handsome profit for the benefit of the University. Without compensation he permitted the use of his office for the transaction of our general business, directed the correspondence in the Dutch language, and gave an amount of time to office work, and to personal labour in visiting different towns throughout the Netherlands to arrange the concerts, which entitles him to be enrolled as one of the most liberal contributors to the cause represented by the Singers.

The financial success of the eight weeks in the Netherlands has been relatively equal to the former success of the Singers in the United States and in Great Britain. £2,000 of Dutch gold has been sent to the Treasury of Fisk University.

Of the kindness of the people, and of the sympathy shown for the Jubilee Singers and their cause, we cannot make too grateful mention. The welcome extended by Mr. Ittmann and the Committee at Rotterdam, at the head of which was Mr. Hendrik Müller, Consul-General of Liberia, to the Singers on landing, was more like that given to friends returning home from a foreign land, than that usually given to strangers landing on a foreign shore.

His Majesty King William III. invited the Singers to his royal residence, the "Loo,' and expressed

great pleasure in listening to their songs, also sympathy with their object, making a handsome contribution towards the fund for Livingstone Hall. Baron and Baroness von Wassenaer de Catwijck gave a reception at their mansion in the Hague, where the Singers had the honour of appearing before her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands, Prince Henry, Prince Alexander, and other members of the Royal family. There were also present many of the nobility, foreign ambassadors, and other distinguished personages. The Singers were presented to her Majesty by the Hon. James Birney, American Minister to the Netherlands, in an appropriate address, and her Majesty was pleased personally to express to the Singers the great delight their singing had afforded her, and her cordial sympathy with their mission. Her Majesty and Prince Henry also honoured the Singers by occupying the royal box at their public concert on the following Monday evening.

In Rotterdam and Amsterdam invitation concerts were arranged by the local committees which served properly to introduce the Singers and their mission. At every place which the Singers expected to visit, a local committee was formed which arranged all the matters of detail in connection with the concerts. Where there were no large halls the churches were opened to the Singers. Great cathedrals, as at Utrecht, Leenwarden, Harlegen, Zwolle, Dordrecht, Delft, Alkmaar, and Schiedam, were placed at the disposal of the committees for their use.

To the friends whose names we have mentioned who have assisted us in the general work, and to the local committees whose names will be preserved in the records of the University, belongs largely the credit of this wonderful success. In the name of Fisk University, and in behalf of the race represented by the Jubilee Singers, we return sincere thanks for the help they have rendered.

To perpetuate for ever in the University the memory of this visit and the kindness and sympathy of the Dutch people, the square of ground upon which Livingstone Hall is to be built will be given the name of Netherlands Square.

But Netherlands Square will have a higher significance and greater value as an educating force and a source of inspiration in the University, for it will perpetually speak to all coming generations of our students of "William the Silent," Prince of Orange, and of the heroic struggle, under his leadership, of the Dutch people for civil and religious liberty, concerning which, one of our American historians has said, "history has no record of a resistance more terrible, or a triumph more glorious, than theirs."

E. M. CRAVATH,
President of Fisk University.

FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS AID SOCIETY,
18, *Adam Street, Strand, London.*
April 20, 1877.

UNWIN BROTHERS, MUSIC AND GENERAL PRINTERS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON